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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1912.

The Week

Senators whose fervent patriotism refuses to let a little thing like a treaty obligation stand in the way of our doing what we like with our Panama Canal, may be brought to soberer thoughts by the consideration that preferential tolls might not pay. It is Senator Root's contention that if this Government should confer toll exemption on American ships, it might, after years, be cited by foreign shipowners before the Hague Tribunal and assessed in enormous damages. It is quite possible to argue, of course, that after putting one treaty into the waste-basket, it would be perfectly easy to refuse to do business with The Hague on any subsequent matter; but no Senator has yet had the hardihood to put the case in these words. What is quite discernible at Washington is a growing disposition to give the question of tolls the serious consideration it demands. With men like Root and Burton against the violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, there will be less disposition on the part of the Western Senators to rush things through with a "Hurrah, boys, what do we care for anybody!" To enact such legislation for the Canal Zone as the immediate situation demands, while leaving the question of tolls for ripe consideration, would seem to be a sensible course of action in the present session of Congress.

Old-line politicians may be confounded but they are no longer surprised at Gov. Wilson's innovations in the conduct of political affairs. They must gasp, however, over the news from Sea Girt that the Democratic candidate will run his campaign for election to the Presidency without the aid of the National Committee. This is, indeed, an experiment in national politics, and decidedly a novelty. Most of Mr. Wilson's essays in opening new paths to a desired goal have been based upon sound knowledge and observation and have attained the end sought. His present plan contemplates what is, roughly speaking, a commission form of government for the national campaign. Mr. William F. Mc-

Combs, who directed so ably the Governor's fortunes prior to the nomination at Baltimore, nominally will be the Chairman of the National Committee, but his responsibilities will be shared by an advisory commission made up of such men as Senators O'Gorman and Gore, Representatives Burleson, A. Mitchell Palmer, and Henry, and Democratic Committeemen and others of the type of William G. McAdoo, Davies of Wisconsin, Hudspeth of New Jersey, and Daniels of North Carolina. Other men who represent the same element in the Democratic party may be added. A majority vote of the board will decide all questions arising during the campaign—except when Gov. Wilson has other ideas. The candidate will be, as it is put, "in close touch" with the management.

The question of a successor to Lorimer is interesting in both its legal and its political aspects. The Constitution provides that "if vacancies happen, by resignation or otherwise, during the recess of the Legislature of any State, the Executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the Legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies." "Resignation or otherwise" certainly covers expulsion, but the Senate has simply voted that Lorimer was never elected a Senator. No vacancy, therefore, has happened during the recess of the Illinois Legislature. The seat which Lorimer has been tentatively occupying became vacant upon the expiration of Senator Hopkins's term, March 4, 1909, at which time the Illinois Legislature was vainly balloting for a successor. Quay was refused a seat in the Senate after the Governor of Pennsylvania had appointed him, following the adjournment of the Legislature without an election. Those "old Senators" who are of the opinion that Gov. Deneen cannot appoint a colleague to Senator Cullom apparently have the weight of precedent to sustain them. Quay, it is true, held on to his supporters at Harrisburg, and in the end returned to Washington with an unquestionable title. Lorimer may be able to obtain re-election to the House from a subservient district, but it would be political suicide for Illinois legislators to send him

back to the Senate, as it has been already for many of those who voted for him three years ago.

The vote by which the House on Thursday of last week sanctioned impeachment proceedings against Judge Archbald, stood 222 to 1. The solitary Congressman voted as he did because Judge Archbald is his constituent. Here is another manifestation of that peculiarly local interpretation of the moral law which goes among us under the foolish name of loyalty. When a convicted practitioner of high finance leaves jail and revisits his native town, the populace turns out with a brass band and engrossed resolutions of confidence, and the school children are brought forth in their holiday clothes to do honor to the man who gives the lie to all their copy-books and catechisms. There is loyalty and loyalty. A man's neighbors should be the last to turn against him; but it is sheer idiocy, or worse, to close one's eyes to evidence and the moral law just because the man lives around the corner or has given a library building to his native town. The Pennsylvania Congressman who voted for Archbald probably thinks he did the most natural thing in the world in standing by his constituent, whereas he should have been among the first to demand that his constituency and his State be cleansed from the disgrace of an unjust judge upon the bench. Only the prophet has a hard time in his own valley. The discredited financier and the crooked politician are always sure to be "vindicated" by their neighbors.

The Colonel's disapproval has fallen on Boss Flinn's scheme for an identical set of electors on the Taft and Roosevelt tickets in Pennsylvania, the total electoral vote of the State to be cast for the ticket receiving the larger number of votes at the polls. Several reasons occur why Oyster Bay should dislike the plan. An identical set of electors would give the election the character of a second primary between Roosevelt and Taft as members of the same party. In view of the Colonel's passionate desire for Democratic votes, that would be a dangerous experiment to make. It is well enough to be a Repub-

lican in a State where, by so doing, Mr. Taft can be forced out of the party and compelled to run on a ticket nominated by petition. That means punishing the devil and not compromising with him. In the second place, there is no telling what may happen on election day. Closer to the heart of Pennsylvania Republicans than either Roosevelt or Taft, is Protection. Woodrow Wilson running on a radical tariff-reduction platform is a peril which will drive the protectionists to consider which man, Taft or Roosevelt, has the better chance against the Democrats. The progress of the third-party movement throughout the country does not augur a Roosevelt triumph. Pennsylvania Republicans may, at the last moment, decide that the chances are, after all, better with Taft.

La Follette's latest attack upon Roosevelt is the most smashing he has yet made. Coming from any source it would be damaging, so formidable are the facts it arrays, and coming from the pioneer Progressive, who held the true faith when Roosevelt scorned it, it is peculiarly deadly. The Wisconsin Senator retorts upon the Colonel his charge of "fraud" at Chicago with terrible effect, showing that no one was more ready and anxious than he was to "steal" delegates. But perhaps the most destructive part of La Follette's arraignment is that in which he shows that Mr. Roosevelt deliberately sacrificed the Progressive cause to his personal ambition. Comparing his selfish attitude at Chicago with Bryan's course at Baltimore, to the infinite moral disadvantage of the Colonel, is the last stroke of the Senator from Wisconsin, and one that Oyster Bay must regard as wickedly insulting. The question is how long will the Colonel endure these repeated assaults of La Follette without replying? Has he suddenly abandoned his proud boast that nobody can hit him without getting a ruder buffet in return? The fact that Mr. Roosevelt has deeply wronged La Follette surely will not restrain him from following up betrayal with abuse.

When the Governor of a State incites to lynch murder and mob rule, as Bleasé of South Carolina has done repeatedly, it must be out of the conviction that the supremacy of the white race and the maintenance of our civilization demand

the suppression of the lawless and vicious black man. If at times Bleasé's temper has given suggestion of insanity, and his language has run strong with the vocabulary of the gutter, much must be forgiven the man who stood for the moral integrity of our institutions. To bring charges of graft and official misconduct against the Galahad of South Carolina, to accuse him of trading in pardons and exacting tribute from illegal rum shops, as several witnesses have done before an investigating committee of the South Carolina Legislature, is to put a terrible strain on a man's self-control. Certainly, the self-appointed champion of South Carolina's manhood is not the one to remain quiet. So he proceeds to vindicate the superiority of a civilization of which he is the fair flower in such terms:

His statements at Augusta are false, and the cowardly little puppy knows it. . . . I defied the Supreme Court, and Judge Jones got mad and ran down off the bench and called to his wife to bring him his biggest razor, and he shaved the feathers off his legs and jumped into the ring.

It must be a very mistaken friend of the negro, indeed, who would want to see the colored people of the South raise themselves to the moral and intellectual level of a Bleasé.

It would be just like the enemies of the people now ensconced in the United States Senate to pass the bill for publicity of expenditures in connection with nominating campaigns for the office of President and Vice-President. The bill was passed by the lower house ten weeks ago, and has since been held up in the Senate Judiciary Committee. If the bill should become law, say, on August 4, it would not affect the Chicago or the Baltimore Convention already held, but it would apply to the convention that is to assemble at Chicago on August 5. Thus one of Mr. La Follette's fondest hopes would be realized, and the exact measure of George W. Perkins's love for the common people would be ascertained. La Follette has here developed a pretty little moral issue of his own. He supplements the Colonel's "Thou shalt not steal" with the commandment, "Thou shalt not take money" from the Harvester Trust, or from the Steel Trust, or from William Flinn, or from Timothy Woodruff.

Two words that regularly come for-

ward in the newspaper columns with every renewal of the Olympic Games are "olympiad," used in a wrong sense, and "decadence." Time may teach the world the correct use of the term "olympiad," but we cannot foresee an Olympic celebration that will not call forth solemn editorial discussion of the decadence of every nation that has not carried off so many firsts in the Stadium. England, of course, is the chief sufferer from that special form of self-analysis. In England, they take decadence with their breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Has Britain's manhood lost its taste and capacity for virile sports? What has really happened is that Britain's monopoly in certain sports has been broken. The other nations have taken up her games and learned how to win at them. We did it first in this country, and with our more extensive resources, soon learned to beat the English in their own field. The Europeans are now taking up the games, with the result that our victory at Stockholm has been by no means so emphatic as our victories in the earlier Olympics. But that is not because Britain has been decaying, or because we are in danger of decay.

After every golf tournament, such as took place at Apawamis last week, in which both amateurs and professionals compete, philosophers of the game find themselves asking what are the real reasons for the superiority of the professionals. Rough and ready answers are unconvincing. It will not do to say that professionals are better players simply because they are paid to be. Nor can it be maintained that they outplay amateurs because they are more seasoned, or keep more steadily in practice, or engage oftener in competition. There are amateurs and amateurs. Some of them are as veteran at golf, and are as often on the links as any professional, and surely take part in more tournaments. There are amateurs who drive as long a ball as professionals; others who play their iron shots as far and straight; others who are the equal of any professional on the putting greens. Why, then, do the best of them never quite rank up to the most skilful professionals? It is a question which has been earnestly debated in England; and the answer arrived at there would doubtless hold for this country. It is that, on the whole, the playing of the profes-

sional golfer is more even than his amateur brother. All clubs look alike to him. In the hardest stroke and the most delicate touch he is equally at home. Bad lies do not discomfit him. Out of the long grass or from the sand, he will play with the utmost confidence and sureness. Moreover, the top-notch professional is deadly straight in his shots. It is said that a map of the course of the ball of Ray, who won the open championship, would show that it went over the Muirfield links almost exactly as the crow flies. Long hitting, straight shooting, accurate approaching, deadly putting, nerves that no misfortune can unsettle—these are the high qualifications of the golfer, and the professional excels by uniting them better than the amateur.

Monday was the date for the English workingman's insurance act to go into effect. No law has been so bitterly attacked and even execrated, before going into operation, though even its fiercest antagonists have been forced to approve the "principle" of the legislation. The House of Lords accepted it without serious demur. But details of the bill have been assailed as grossly unfair and onerous, and there has been a vast deal of wild talk about meeting it with passive resistance. This was foolishly encouraged by the Unionist leaders, who thought in that way to embarrass the Government and possibly to bring about a postponement of the operative date of the bill. "You will never be able to carry out this act," has been a frequent taunt, in the House of Commons as well as in the Tory press. But as the day drew near for the law to be enforced, the Conservatives became alarmed at the spirit of lawlessness which they themselves had done so much to provoke, and began to call upon their followers not to attempt to withstand an act of Parliament. The case was well put by the veteran Unionist, Prof. A. V. Dicey of Oxford, who wrote to the London Times:

Allow me to join as briefly and emphatically as I can in Mr. Lyttelton's protest against any attempt to resist by any illegal means the operation of the National Insurance act. I hold with him that the act is in many of its provisions almost intolerable, and may prove unworkable. I am also convinced that occasions may arise—though they are very rare—where resistance to the law of the land may become a duty. No such occasion has as yet

arisen. Employers and servants will injure a good cause if, instead of insisting on the amendment of the act, they use rash language which implies an intention to break the law. We have had far too much lately of both passive and active resistance to the just authority of the state, and this resistance has in some instances met with the tolerance, if not with the encouragement, of men in power.

London has been having one manifestation of Imperialism which is both new and striking. It is a Congress of all the Universities of the British Empire. The desirability of summoning such a gathering was suggested two years ago by the Principal of the University of London, and it was fittingly at that institution that Lord Rosebery, as Chancellor, bade the delegates welcome. More than fifty universities were represented. The great expansion of higher education which this means was dwelt upon by Lord Rosebery. He said that if such a congress had been held in 1830, and had been purely English, "it would have been an interesting, private, and confidential meeting of two representatives." If it had been British, Scotland would have added four more. If it had been Imperial, it would have taken in merely Dublin and McGill. But to-day fifty-three men come from all parts of the Empire. Even in England proper, no less than five universities have been founded within the past twelve years; and with them Sydney and Calcutta, Saskatchewan and the Cape, are joining hands. Lord Rosebery put the weighty significance of the marvellous development in the following question: "May we not believe that had Daniel Webster lived to deliver his famous eulogy on the British Empire—in a small space the most eloquent that has ever been delivered, and that by an American statesman—would he not have been able to add to his famous figure of the universal drumbeat of the Empire, that it was now belted round with Universities?"

The Italian Government is not altogether pleased with the optimism of the Italian press concerning the progress of the war. One of the best known of the war correspondents, Signor Cipolla, has been outlining in his paper, the *Stampa*, a plan for forcing the Dardanelles and attacking Constantinople by means of airships now being built in Milan and

elsewhere. A telegram by a correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, commenting on this fantastic plan, has been confiscated by the Roman censor on the ground that "It reproduces the opinions of Arnaldo Cipolla as to the manner in which Italy can most rapidly finish the war with Turkey." In its own way, however, the Government continues to furnish the papers with comments on the war. Thus there appears in the *Popolo Romano* an inspired article on Turkish and Italian finances, which presents the latter in a very rosy light. While Turkey is said to be on the verge of bankruptcy, the economic conditions of Italy are described as being wonderfully sound. The Italian budget at the close of June is said to show a surplus of 60,000,000 lire, and the balance of trade an increase, however slight, in exports as against an insignificant decrease in imports. In any case, the article states, an appeal to Italian capital would show that the country is sound not only as to its military organization, but that "the national spirit and the general administrative capacity are rising to the occasion." This is at least good Governmental whistling to keep up courage.

The failure of the Chinese loan negotiations after so much fuss and worry is not to be ascribed entirely to the action of the Chinese Government. It is true that the authorities at Peking were compelled to take cognizance of the objection raised by the patriotic element in the provinces against the incurring of any further foreign liens on China's right to manage her own affairs. It is a continuance of the old anti-foreign spirit which took form, half a dozen years ago, against foreign railway enterprise in the Empire. But while the leaders of provincial opinion have succeeded in blocking the building of railways by European capital, they have not been eminently successful in building up railways for China through native enterprise. Nevertheless, the central Government might have known how to conciliate local sentiment if, on the side of the creditor Powers, it had not been made pretty plain that Japan and Russia were not in hearty co-operation with their partners. Under the circumstances, the Government has apparently decided that a waiting game offered the smaller risk.

KEEPING OUR HEADS.

In a time of political confusion like the present, warning and despondent voices always make themselves heard. They do to-day. A Senator of conceded ability gives a dinner to colleagues in Washington and solemnly addresses them on the coming of a French Revolution in this country. More than one foreign observer thinks he sees the United States approaching the crack of doom. Many Americans, who do not go so far as that, and who certainly cannot be called hysterical alarmists, yet confess to a feeling that their country is, as it were, getting away from them. They do not understand it as they once thought they did. Forces have been let loose which they admit that they cannot measure. As men exceedingly puzzled, if not frightened, they point to the manifest and manifold signs of political and social unrest, and to the exacerbations of passion among great multitudes, and ask whereunto all this tends. Old American optimism is abated, just as the old boastfulness is less clamorous. The least observant and thoughtful perceive that we are in a period of break-up, and are not a little anxious as to what the end may be.

This attitude is not to be condemned out of hand. There is no use in maintaining that it is fine weather when everybody can see that it is raining cats and dogs. It is a movement as wide as the world, in which the United States is sharing, and we have our duties in connection with it. But the duty of keeping our heads is one of the first of these. We are bound to make sure of our facts before allowing the facts to fill us with gloom. Apprehension may be justified, but there is no class of citizens more futile than the "too-quick despairers." On this point, our cheerful and sagacious philosopher, Mr. Dooley, takes up the parable with the ordinary man's common sense, and says:

It ain't a bad Government, mind ye.. I ain't got money enough to despair iv th' Republic ivry time Bill Bryan makes a speech. I've never despairs iv th' Republic. Th' Republic may despair iv me, but not me iv it. Whin I think iv th' things I have done to th' Republic with me vote, an' th' things th' Republic has done fr' me, I can't honestly say I've got anny right to go ar-round despairing iv it. Annyhow, it won't do anny good.

To turn from one counsellor in a troubled time to another, we may refer to the address which John Morley re-

cently made to the students of Manchester University. It was a cool and philosophic survey of the manifestations of democracy in our own day. It dealt chiefly with the course of things political in England. If we have our troubles, most Englishmen would say that ours are but flea-bites compared with theirs. The impending "last days of the Roman Republic" and the speedy coming of a French Revolution, September massacres and all, are much more a staple of British political prediction than with us. But Lord Morley, bringing old experience and the widest outlook upon the modern world to his task, while minimizing no evil force and pooh-poohing no real danger, made a notable plea for calmness and patience. He is for a careful verifying of our premises. "Before losing heart, let us be sure that our political arithmetic and algebra are right." It is easy to ignore or mistake a crisis, but it is still easier to paint it blacker than it really is. Lord Morley's chief advice was to be cautious. We are to apply the scientific method even to whirling political excitements: not to lift hands in amaze or horror at the ardent spirits of a stirring age, but to endeavor to find out exactly what they signify; not to be too severe on illusions which, however generous, are illusions still, but to study and profit by them; and, in general, to see the situation steadily, and see it whole, as men who are not without sympathies and even strong preferences, yet who, as students of what is going on, insist upon making a cool induction.

It is reassuring to note that Americans are, as a whole, taking a much saner view of their affairs than they seemed to be doing a month ago. Then there was a pretty common feeling that we might be on the edge of a smash. Politics seemed to be wholly out of hand and running wild. But little by little the people have come to see that the disasters befalling a political party do not necessarily affect the peace and safety of the nation. They have begun to take more calmly the excited outcries of an angry and baffled politician, to the effect that the country is facing a more perilous crisis than any which it has confronted since the Civil War. The crisis exists, to be sure, but we can see that it is largely one in this man's political fortunes. There is an undoubted danger, but it is mainly that he will be

thwarted and discredited. The nation has had time to look around, and it is visibly growing more composed in its mind. If one party is divided and distracted, it sees that the other is united and marching forward under an inspiring leadership. Government by party will not break down simply because one party has temporarily broken down. And our ancient humor is also coming to the rescue. The country simply cannot take the Colonel so seriously as he takes himself. Ability to laugh at a man who makes himself ridiculous is one sign of recovered coolness, and it is now to be seen on every hand. This will go on. The country is not so mad as some of those who seem to have been striving to infect it with their own mania, and is daily giving new evidence that it proposes to keep its head and go about its business.

THE BRITISH PROTEST.

News that the British Embassy had sent a note to our State Department, asking that the Panama bill be not passed until a formal representation, now on its way, from the British Government could be given attention, greatly stirred the pure minds of Senators in Washington. Here was an offensive meddling by foreigners in a matter of strictly domestic legislation. If Congress desires to make the Panama Canal free to American ships, what concern is that of England's? Cannot we do what we will with our own? If we choose to enact a law that no ship owned by a railway shall navigate the Canal, that is our own affair. If the Canadian Pacific Railroad is hurt by such a provision, that is its misfortune, not our fault. And if the English think that Congress will wait to hear from them before passing such measures as it pleases, they will speedily find that they are mightily mistaken. The bill might not have gone through on its merits, but, by Jingo, if any foreign nation requests us not to hurry it up, we'll pass it in a jiffy just to show that we cannot be bluffed. Thus speaks Buncombe County at Washington.

We may be sure, however, that the Secretary of State and the President and serious-minded Congressmen will not be inclined thus lightly to toss the matter off. A weighty affair of state is involved. Our national good faith in living up to the obligations of a treaty is called in question. It will never do to

say that the Panama Canal is our own property and that we can do what we like with it. It is ours, indeed, but it is impressed with a lien, in the shape of a solemn national pledge, which we gave at the time of acquiring the right to an exclusive control of its operation. In the way of that, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty stood as an obstacle. Specifically to "remove any objection which may arise" out of that treaty to "the construction of such canal under the auspices of the Government of the United States," the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was negotiated in 1901, ratified and proclaimed in 1902. It is now printed by our Government in the volume of "treaties in force." Another recognition of its binding nature was made in our treaty with the bogus Republic of Panama, of which Article XVIII provided that the Canal should be opened and operated "in conformity with all the stipulations" of the treaty with Great Britain. Now, those "stipulations" were made for a purpose. England got something for waiving her rights under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. What did she get? She got a promise of neutralization. She got also this specific pledge:

The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations observing these Rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise.

That pledge, in both its spirit and its letter, the pending Panama bill proposes coolly to break. It would do it by allowing American vessels to pass through the Canal free of tolls, while charging them upon all other ships. This is the Congressional idea of "entire equality" and "no discrimination"! The glaring bad faith of this has been repeatedly pointed out, both in and out of Congress. But it has been replied, triumphantly: "There cannot be any force in your argument, otherwise England would have objected. Our treaty is with her, and if, as you say, the Panama bill is in violation of it, why haven't we had a British protest? Are you more careful of English rights than the English Government is?" Of course, the law and morals of the case did not depend upon any action or non-action by England. There stood the plain words of the treaty. On the other hand, there stood the bill, absolutely irreconcilable with them. That was enough for any man jealous for the honor of his nation. But

if any were so insensitive on that subject as to need a pricking from the outside, the announced British protest comes to furnish it. Those who thought it so clever to sneak a disguised ship-subsidy into the Panama bill, are now awake to the fact that they are surely bringing on an international complication. They are forcing a reference of the dispute to an impartial tribunal which would be certain to decide as emphatically against this country as the Paris Arbitration Court did against our exclusive claims in Bering Sea.

The terms of the protest which England is to make are as yet made known only in outline. No Government could tamely sit by and see the rights of its subjects impaired by the action of another country, especially when those rights are guaranteed by special treaty, without making a vigorous objection. It is said that England ought to wait till the bill is actually passed; that her protest is of no force against a measure not yet made law. But it is clear that, if she were carefully preparing a case to submit to The Hague, she would make her position stronger by showing that she had taken the earliest occasion to remind the Washington Government of her intention to assert her rights under the treaty. We can only regard the step now taken as timely and wholesome. The evasion proposed by the bill has been passed over too nonchalantly. Now we know that the nation's honor and the nation's duty are touched. We see the danger of trying to drive a subsidy coach-and-four through a precisely worded treaty. If such a thing could be done, American faith would get as bad a name as Punic. No boasting and no protestations of good motives would avail, for we should have placed this country in a situation like that described by John Quincy Adams in his "Diary": "Any effort on our part to reason the world out of a belief that we are ambitious will have no other effect than to convince them that we add to our ambition hypocrisy."

OLD-STYLE CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS.

The committee of the Senate inquiring into the campaign contributions of 1904 has so far dug up little but ignorance and forgetfulness. Chairman Taggart, for the Democrats, could remem-

ber very few details, and last week Mr. Cortelyou, chairman of the Republican National Committee, explained that he knew about the money matters of the campaign only in the most casual way. He was chiefly concerned with other things. When Mr. Taggart calmly stated that the books of the Democratic Committee of 1904 had been burned, there was a joyous flutter among Republican newspapers. Aha, so there was something to cover up! But Mr. Cortelyou informed the Senate Committee that Treasurer Bliss had destroyed all the Republican books and vouchers also. So dishonors are easy. Now, the burning of books may be a sign of repentance, as well as a symptom of fright and a tacit confession that certain transactions will not bear the light of day. It is recorded that, as a consequence of the preaching of the Apostle, "many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them." But they did this "before all men," not secretly. Whether our practitioners of "curious arts" in politics were stricken with remorse when they burned their books, we cannot say, but it is a satisfaction to know that publicity-laws have made it impossible for them to go back to the old methods, even if they desire to. It is, in a sense, an antiquarian investigation that the Senate is making.

Chairman Cortelyou made a frank enough appearance and told a story that sounds straight. But it was confessedly incomplete. He knew, or thought he knew, the "demnition total" of contributions, but was quite unaware of where many of the largest items came from. For example, he stated that he did not know until later that the big life-insurance companies had been assessed for \$50,000 each. This was suspected at the time, but the fact was not established until Mr. Hughes brought it out in the insurance investigation. Other corporations, as Mr. Cortelyou frankly stated, were asked to contribute to the Roosevelt corruption fund. He did not, of course, give it that name, but the "practical" men like Harriman who were then putting up the cash, had no illusions about what was done with the money. They spoke bluntly of the effect of spending \$50 in each election district, which Harriman said would be sufficient to "turn" 50,000 votes in New York city alone. And when Mr. Cortelyou testifies that "from \$650,000 to \$700,-

000" was sent to doubtful States, it is not easy to believe that all of this great sum went to "speakers" and "literature."

In round figures, the National Committee had the handling of \$1,900,000 to elect Roosevelt. This, at least, is all that Mr. Cortelyou knows to have been raised. It does not follow that more was not spent. There are many ways of collecting and expending campaign money behind the back of the official treasurer. Separate contributions to State Committees did not appear in the accounts of the National Committee. Individual large givers may not have let their left hand (the Committee) know what their right hand (an expert buyer of votes) did. This is what makes us always a bit suspicious of the published totals. The Republican campaign of 1896, for example, was no doubt the most lavishly financed of any in our political history. It has been stated by one who ought to know that no less than \$7,000,000 was raised to defeat Mr. Bryan. Yet Mr. Croly, the biographer of Mark Hanna, who had access to all of that statesman's papers, puts the total at about one-third of that sum. This may be all that the books would show—just as \$1,900,000 may be all that was of record in the Roosevelt campaign—yet a great deal more may have been collected and quietly placed where it would do the most good.

In calling the Senate inquiry one into far-off, forgotten, and unhappy things of long ago, we do not mean to imply that it does not serve a useful purpose. It is well to run down rumors of corruption; to discover what is the underlying or attainable evidence for persistent scandal; and to set forth the vices of the old way as a fresh argument for the new. It is not only corrupt-practices acts and laws forbidding corporations to make any political contributions whatever—along with the compulsory publication of subscriptions—that have brought about the change. The great change had first been wrought in public sentiment about all this business. There had come to be a mounting disgust with the ancient system of secret alliances between politicians and rich men and powerful corporations. The thing was felt to be neither fair nor safe. It was seen that it led straight to debauched elections and purchased legislation. Frying the fat out of manufacturers in return for

guaranteeing them the right to levy tariff taxes for their own benefit, was all one with the practice of bleeding corporations with the promise of looking after their interests in the Legislature and in Congress. The demand that this plan be ended had become so imperative that both our law-makers and our campaign managers had to give heed to it. We shall see no more of these huge funds gathered in secret and laid out with corrupting effect, if not with a corrupt purpose. Presidential campaigns under the new order will be both cheaper and cleaner. The Senate committee is giving us horrible examples of the thing that was but is no longer to be. Here is a form of real progress that has not been made loathsome by anybody's selfishly annexing it and labelling it as his exclusive brand of "Progressivism."

PROLONGING LIFE.

Professor Metchnikoff has begged the reporters not to speak of him as a Mephistopheles, or of his latest discovery as the elixir of eternal life. Alas, it becomes evident only too soon that the now celebrated glycobacter is not the magic remedy after which the heart of man has lusted. The great scientist has sought for years a weapon against Time, and the hardening of the arteries. He has studied the way of the lactic bacillus. He has gone to the dog and considered his intestines, and the only wisdom he has gained is that the injection of the "sugar bacillus" into the human system will stave off the advance of old age, provided—and there's the rub; there always is a very important, very onerous "provided" to be dealt with.

If I should suddenly die to-morrow, says Professor Metchnikoff, it would not disprove my theories, because I began late in life. But the man who has barely reached middle life might very properly begin with every hope of arriving at the best results.

At the beginning of middle life to begin preparations for old age! At forty to begin shaping one's conduct so that one may live to be a hundred! No, this is not Cagliostro's elixir, of which a drop sends new fire through shrunken veins and rears upright the collapsing frame. It is simply a restatement in specific terms of the old belief that eternal vigilance is the price of anything really worth preserving, life like everything else.

Under these conditions the secret of long life has never been withheld from the knowledge of man. The author of Proverbs long ago had hit upon numerous ways of postponing the ravages of arterio-sclerosis. The pursuit of wisdom will do it. Fear of the Lord will do it. Submission to reproof will do it. The practice of mercy will do it. This is not putting the case in biological terms; but the highest biology to-day recognizes the existence of the spiritual factor. "The certain element on which the Russian savant has counted," says one writer of Professor Metchnikoff, "must not be overlooked—the suggestion or moral impression which stimulates the organism. Sufferers from old age will receive with the glycobacters some excellent advice on regimen and digestive education, and the aged will find themselves doing excellently." Here is the basis for a real understanding between the wisdom of Pasteur and the wisdom of Proverbs. King Solomon will readily meet Professor Metchnikoff half-way. A diet of sour milk plus the practice of charity; glycobacters reinforced by keeping the mind on high ideals; abstention from excessive use of meat going hand in hand with abstention from evil thoughts—there is every opportunity here for the synthetic production of a really efficacious specific against old age. But always there is presupposed a patient spirit and long practice. The pursuit of wisdom and the cultivation of the lactic bacillus must really begin at the beginning of adult life.

Are men willing to have long life on these terms? That is the difficulty which confronts the Parisian biologist, as it did the wise king of the Jews. In small things, as in great, men will rarely sacrifice the self-indulgence of the moment for their own personal good. Not with the certain guarantee of life indefinitely prolonged will the ordinary man consent to listen unfailingly to the dictates of wisdom or never to omit his daily bottle of fermented milk. It has been so in the past, when, theoretically, everybody admitted that long life is a blessing. It is still more true to-day, when old age seldom presents itself to the mind as an end to be worked for. The pleasure-lover's maxim of a short life and a merry one has, in more philosophic times, become the underlying motive of modern existence. We lay stress

now on the intensity of life rather than on its duration. A higher productivity, a higher capacity for enjoyment, a more vivid realization of the self while consciousness endures—that is the essence of the modern outlook upon life. Professor Metchnikoff would please his generation more by isolating the bacillus of energy rather than the bacillus of long life. Most of us would not know what to do with a hundred years' time on our hands. Most of us feel no enthusiasm at the prospect of a world of centenarians. A world in which people were so slow to die would destroy Lloyd George's budgets by heaping up the expenditures on old-age pensions and cutting heavily into the inheritance tax. In times like ours, when the duration of social philosophies and artistic theories is measured by single years and months almost, to live a hundred years would be to follow up forty years of excitement with sixty years of headache.

No, the world to-day is not interested in the prolongation of life. It would not be willing to pay the price if the thing were absolutely to be had. A small, old-fashioned minority there may be to whom a protracted healthy old age will appeal. From them, Professor Metchnikoff's glycobacters and lactic bacillus will receive respectful consideration. But even with them, as we have said, the mere biological specific will not suffice. Before men will attain their centenaries in considerable numbers, some scientist will have to inoculate them with the bacillus of patient labor, of simple ideas, and of placid emotions.

THE SCIENTIFIC ATMOSPHERE.

At the unveiling of the statue to Lord Bacon in front of Gray's Inn on June 27, Mr. Balfour was chosen to make the address. There could not have been a happier selection, especially if Bacon's importance in the history of thought was to be dwelt upon. And that is undoubtedly his true carrying power. Bacon the lawyer, the statesman, even Bacon the writer of great English prose, is not of so much significance to-day as Bacon the philosopher. And of him in that capacity no one is better qualified to utter the just word than Mr. Balfour. Neither a vulgarizer nor a mere panegyrist, he is able to seize upon the essential thing in the Baconian philosophy, and to show what it meant in the

seventeenth century and has increasingly meant down to our own day.

Mr. Balfour made rather short work of the theory that Bacon, by the invention of the observational and inductive method, put an instrument in the hands of mankind by which the world was able to press on to one scientific discovery after another. "I do not believe," said Mr. Balfour, "that any man has been taught to reason by studying the syllogisms, and I am quite sure no man has ever been taught to discover by studying the inductive method." Whatever Bacon himself may have fancied about the matter, he did not, in fact, devise a machine for scientific discovery. Yet his philosophic writings did bring about a great change in the world's thinking; but it was more a change of attitude than of method. The fashion had been to neglect or scorn the external world, and to engage in merely verbal disputes. Bacon exemplified and taught the patient and child-like attitude before nature—the humble and prolonged inquiry, the repeated experiment, the docility and yet the eagerness of the learner—which is of the essence of what we have come to call the scientific mind. This, declared Mr. Balfour, was the real glory and distinction of Lord Bacon. "He created the atmosphere in which scientific discovery flourishes." Thus his true rank is that of a seer. He was not a great investigator, but he put thousands of investigators on the right track. The full results were slow in coming. On this point Mr. Balfour said:

Though dates cannot be fixed, I believe it will be found that it is relatively recently, say within the last three or four generations, that industry has really been the child of scientific discovery. Great scientific discoveries were made by Bacon's contemporaries, by his immediate successors, in every generation which has followed, but the application of scientific principles to the augmentation of man's power over nature is, I believe, relatively speaking, of quite recent growth. You may find examples here and there, but, broadly speaking, I would ask anybody to cast his eye over the history of discovery in such arts as those of medicine, in the general progress of industrial and agricultural discovery, and I believe he will come to the conclusion forced upon my mind, which is that the effect which science has had and is now having, and in increasing measure is destined to have, upon the course of this world, did not declare itself in unmistakable letters until a century and a half or two centuries had passed since the death of the great man whose name is associated with the philosophy of induction.

However it came to us, and whoever contributed most to the gift, the world is now in possession of the scientific mind. To-day we have the great company of thinkers and investigators round the globe devoting themselves to the refinements of research into nature. Science has been internationalized. What one worker discovers is instantly made known, in a kind of scientific free-masonry, to investigators everywhere. Co-operation in science is increasingly efficient. One discovery prompts another, and each new triumph of man over the forces of nature—each new conquest of disease, each advance in the amelioration of the conditions under which men must live and work—is the signal for another. If this spirit of enthusiastic and banded effort to improve the estate of man can only in part be traced back to the initiative of Lord Bacon it is fame enough for him.

We have heard a good deal in recent years of the "bankruptcy" of science. It is only a "message of despair," we are told, that star-eyed science wafts back to those who are craving answers to the deepest problems of the human soul, of life and of death. There is some truth in the complaint. Science is modest, but men of science are sometimes guilty of overweening vanity. They have occasionally gone upon the assumption that nothing lies deeper than the probe of chemic test, that instruments of scientific precision will enable us to say exactly what man is and what God is. But that is only to rouse hopes certain to be frustrated. The attempt in our own day to "prove" immortality scientifically, is but an instance of what will happen when science forgets to be truly scientific. It gives science a black eye at the same time that it upsets the equilibrium of many weak brains. Science, too, must stick to its last. But within its necessary limits, it is continually attacking and solving problems that lie close to the well-being of humanity. Nor can any one truthfully assert that its ardor and hopefulness have been quenched. Scientific ideals were never so high in the hearts of students as they are to-day, nor did the great tasks still before scientific investigation ever more powerfully appeal to devoted workers for the good of their kind. Only consider, for example, the zeal with which skilled inquirers in all countries are giving the most laborious research to the cause

and cure of cancer. Never were there more indefatigable and, withal, more enthusiastic investigators. Give us time, they say, and we will grapple with and overcome this terrible disease. It is not only the desire to benefit humanity that keeps them unflagging in endeavor. They are buoyed up also by their profound conviction that the scientific mind is bound to win. The very air they breathe is filled with the hope that science has yet wonderful improvements to make in the lot of man, and that true scientific method is certain to go on, conquering and to conquer.

PERSONALITY IN PROFESSORS.

The outstanding superiority of the German to the American professor, according to one of our distinguished visitors from Berlin, is in his rich and independent *Personlichkeit*. The American educator at his best is not without a certain dry intellectual vivacity and specialized efficiency, but he lacks the breadth of beam, the exuberant and contagious enthusiasm, and the spiritual intrepidity that mark his Teutonic colleague. He occupies his chair with something too much of official preciseness; his voice has a hard professional twang; he deals himself out sparingly in social intercourse, like a commodity that may soon be exhausted. This unflattering foreign opinion of the American professorate seems to be seconded, with a difference, by Mr. Charles Warren in his "Plea for Personality in Professors," published in a recent issue of the *Harvard Advocate*. He would agree that our professors are not what they ought to be; but he insists further that they are not what they were—they have fallen from a former state of grace. At Harvard, for example, the great generation of the Childs and Nortons and Shaler is passing away, and the mantle of education has descended to unequal shoulders—to men of good training and some parts, no doubt, yet without the girth and stature of the elder day and the amplitude of personal power.

The proposition is obviously incapable of demonstration, and should be taken with a liberal allowance of salt. We all know that every graduate who returns to his alma mater after an absence of twenty or thirty years—Mr. Warren is of the class of 1889—is struck by the removal of ancient landmarks and the

vanishing of the old familiar faces, and is prone to declare that things have degenerated since his day. We all know how the elder alumni stroll through the Yard or campus and exclaim at the growth of luxury among the younger generation: "The old college was a group of teachers; the new college is a group of buildings." "Steam heat in the old dormitory, and bathroom for every suite! We used to split our own kindlings and wash under the pump. I remember how my roommate used to duck his head under the spout in December, and call out, 'Come on, boys, this is what makes character.'" We know, too, the inevitable turn the conversation takes at the reunion banquet. "Well, there's been a great change since our time, and I'm afraid it's not entirely for the better." "Not a bad address the new president gave us, but he is not the man his predecessor was." "No; and with old Wells gone and Smith and Huntington and Jones, and Stone and Walworth retiring, it's not the same place at all." "Not at all. I called on Stone to-day, and he says the outlook is very gloomy; they can't find suitable men to fill the vacancies. These young fellows are cast in another mould; they aren't of the calibre of Wells and Smith." "Old Wells was a *character*, though, wasn't he?" "But he did put us through our paces, and you couldn't get around him." "Old Wells was a war horse, but he meant business, and I don't believe there are many like him in the new brood."

When all deductions are made for the glamour of reminiscence, there is undoubtedly a substantial basis for the discontent of the old graduate and the pointed criticism of Mr. Warren. "Old Wells," though something of a Doctor Busby, was a thoroughgoing teacher, the terror and delight of the classroom. He touched a vital spot in every student who sat under him. He spoke as one clothed with authority, and his *obiter dicta* were passed on by tradition. He furnished his disciples with a constant measure of the difference between a callow adolescent and a formed and purposeful man in a world of men; and he taught them to prize with Montaigne "a strong and manly familiarity and converse, a friendship that flatters itself in the sharpness and vigor of its communications." His great prestige on the

faculty and in the community he held in his own right and not as a loan from the institution which employed him. So far as we knew, he had not a drop of German blood in his veins; yet he was a big and permanently impressive personality. Now, "Old Wells," as a type of the undergraduate college teacher is fast passing away. Apparently, he is passing away for the economic reason that there is no demand for him on the part of the administrators. Other virtues than effective teaching and strength of personality seem now to be at a premium; and we agree with Mr. Warren that it is time to be harking back to something that we have lost.

Probably nearly every one will admit that the spot where our educational institutions have suffered most deterioration from loss of vital personalities is at the heart of them—in the colleges of liberal arts. Among the various reasons which may be brought forward to account for this decline, two stand out conspicuously: First, administrators during the past generation have directed a large proportion of their energy and their funds towards advancing the graduate and professional schools. Inevitably, the attraction of pecuniary reward and scholarly distinction has drawn the more ambitious men into professional and graduate work, where successful research rather than teaching-effectiveness is the desideratum. Presidents protest that the exceptional undergraduate teacher is as precious to them as the exceptional researcher; but they open their purse-strings to the investigator; and every one who hears university club gossip is familiar with the contemptuous "He's well enough for an undergraduate teacher." The second reason for the decline is that the attendance at the universities has multiplied faster than the endowments. As a consequence, vast classes of 500 to 1,000 are vaguely lectured at by wholesale, or cut up into small sections and turned over to a battalion of teething assistants and instructors, who are not infrequently far below the level of the average high-school teacher in personality and in general intelligence. Between the graduate school above, with its emphasis upon investigation, and the "slave-labor" below, with its characterless semi-tutorial function, the high calling of the teacher is belittled, and the

field tends to be left to somewhat weak-kneed Laodiceans. Drop "Old Wells" among them, and they would retreat like rabbits from the presence of a man. The protest against these conditions is certain to increase; for though the administrative watchword may be "the advancement of science," the rank and file of the alumni continue to demand "the formation of character."

THE BI-CENTENARY OF ROUSSEAU.

GENEVA, June 30.

One still remembers the elaborate celebrations which took place at Geneva in 1909 in honor of Calvin; the celebrations to commemorate Rousseau, which have just come to an end, were, if possible, even more notable. Some, indeed, thought that they were overdone. Following certain reactionary writers in Paris who, under the leadership of Maurice Barrès, protested openly against the proposed festivities at the Panthéon and tried to interrupt the speakers at the memorial ceremony at the Sorbonne, old patrician families in Geneva would like to have been spared the spectacle of their whole city thus idolizing a revolutionary son of the people. The popular impulse, however, proved irresistible. For nearly two years preparations had been making. Books and pamphlets, magazine and newspaper articles on Rousseau came thick and fast. On the eve of the 28th the Catholics issued a statement to the effect that they also would join in honoring the man through whom the irreligious spirit of the eighteenth century was to some extent checked. The Protestants organized a special meeting on Friday, the 28th, with Professor Fulliquet, the fiery theologian, as their spokesman. And it was agreed that on the following Sunday Rousseau should be the subject of the sermon in every church.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 26th, at a meeting of the Institut National Genevois, Rousseau was exalted as a political writer, patriot, botanist, and musician. A poem made for the occasion was read, and several songs composed by Rousseau were sung by artists. Thursday was called the day of the Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau, which does for Rousseau in Geneva a work similar to that of the Shakespeare Society in England. Its official ceremony took place in the Aula of the University, and was attended by many scholars and writers, including several from abroad. The eulogy of Rousseau was pronounced by M. Rosier, the Minister of Public Instruction in Geneva. Addressing a largely academic audience, he emphasized the pedagogical reforms brought about by "Emile." Then came the chief speaker, Prof. Georges Renard of the Collège de France, representing

all the French universities. His speech was a masterpiece of academic eloquence, compounded of precise erudition and broad humanitarian aspirations. Professor Schulz-Gora of Strassburg followed, speaking for the German universities. He explained with somewhat more *Gründlichkeit* than eloquence the influence of Rousseau on such thinkers as Kant, Goethe, and Schiller. A gratulatory letter was read by an emissary from the Tolstoy Society of Moscow. Finally, Professor Seippel spoke briefly in the name of the Swiss universities.

For the afternoon the Cercle des lettres et des arts, together with the Société Rousseau, had arranged a representation of two of Rousseau's plays, "Pygmalion" and "Le Devin du village," to be given in the magnificent Parc de l'Ariana. The bright, harmonious costumes, the zest of the players and singers, the graceful dancing of the children made the spectacle perfect. None who was privileged to attend will forget this exquisite artistic treat, on that glorious day of June, near-by the lake of Rousseau and Byron, under the trees so green and so fresh.

Friday, the 28th, was called a day of rest, but the people of Geneva were most active getting ready for the next, the official day, a holiday for business and schools. The decorations were tasteful and very rich, especially so in the picturesque old town; busts of Rousseau were erected on squares and in front of public and private houses. At seven o'clock on Saturday morning all the church bells were ringing and the cannon was fired on the old city fortifications. Unfortunately, the weather was not as beautiful as it had been. At nine o'clock a procession of children, students, and "Old Grenadiers" went to the Grande rue, the narrow, old street where Rousseau's birthplace stands, and a wreath of flowers was hung over the door. While this was going on in the Haute Ville, the official reception of delegates from the French Swiss cantons, and from foreign nations, took place at the foot of the philosopher's statue in the pretty Ile Rousseau, which was decorated in eighteenth-century style. This was a short, simple, and dignified ceremony.

But let me turn to the really original part of the festivities, namely, the open-air public banquets in the various quarters of the city—original this function was, at least for foreigners; Rousseau himself knew the charming custom and described it in one of his best pages of the "Lettre à d'Alembert." Tables are set in the public squares; an orchestra is hired to play patriotic and popular tunes; some people bring their own food, some buy it there. Citizens of all classes, with wives and children, of course, are met together, drink together, dance together. It is all very jolly. Of course, every one of these banquets has more or less its own particular character. Here,

in the quarter of Saint Gervais, you have the working people, and especially those working people who are claiming new rights in modern society; at the table of honor, one sees Mr. Sigg, a well-known Swiss Socialist. Elsewhere at the Quarter of the Madeleine Church we have the lower classes; but this time the humble people who enjoy without much thought that day of rest bestowed on them by destiny. They are grateful for the little they get, and although evidently indifferent to Rousseau, they have decorated with a profusion of flags and flowers their old, narrow, winding streets; a good many have found seats at the tables set on the small church square; the others have simply taken out their family tables and put them outside the door on the sidewalk; three poor fellows, with a harp, a guitar, and a violin, play in the middle of the street; the frugal meal has not yet come to an end when the good people want to dance. Only a few steps further the official banquet takes place, under the beautiful trees of the "Trellie," back of the antique walls of the capitol. Here, as elsewhere, the democratic note predominates. Members of the most exclusive patrician families of Geneva face at one table the representatives of the radical Government; a clergyman is sitting next to a free-thinker, and they make speeches in which, sincerely, they call one another brothers. There also sits the representative of the Federal Council of Bern. There is a long table of little orphan boys, invited by the organizers of the public meal in remembrance of Rousseau, the friend of children. In the quarter of Saint Antoine, on a high terrace overlooking the city, near the old "Collège" of Calvin, the intellectuels of Geneva have gathered, university professors, writers, artists.

The next number on the programme was the procession of all the school children. The day before every one of them had received a souvenir coin representing the workshop of Rousseau's father, with the father pointing out the city through the window, and telling his son: "Jean-Jacques, love your country!" They were all to march by a gigantic reproduction of Houdon's bust, on the Plain de Plainpalais, the purpose being to inspire them with the ambition to honor their country as had Rousseau. But just as the long procession reached the podium, a terrific rainstorm forced the children to disperse. After about an hour of waiting, in which an attempt was made to have some of the eighteenth century dances performed, everything was given up. The elaborate preparations (among others a "cantate" written and composed for that day) came to naught.

By eight o'clock, however, the sky was clear again, and while the authorities

and official guests were banqueting in the Hôtel Métropole, and taking up again their monotonous occupation of listening to speeches, the people of Geneva were celebrating in their own gay and hearty fashion in the streets. Here the tables of the banquets had been removed and young and old were dancing merrily. There was no disorder, no noise; all was remarkably like Rousseau's description, of nearly two centuries ago. At midnight the people went home. Back of me a good fellow was reflecting aloud: "People like ourselves earn little money, but they always know how to have plenty of fun." It was precisely the same thing that Rousseau had expressed, with a different kind of eloquence, in his "*Lettre à d'Alembert*."

A. S.

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
AT OTTAWA, JUNE 26-JULY 2.

CHICAGO, July 10.

The librarians will long remember the hospitality with which they were received at Ottawa, and not less at Toronto and Montreal. The Chicago and Western party had been invited to stop over at Toronto for a day on their way to Ottawa, and were entertained both by the Public Library and the University. And at Montreal those who returned to their homes by way of that city were the guests of McGill University for a day. At Ottawa the visiting librarians received, not the freedom of the city, but the privilege of riding free on the street cars. On Saturday the Canadian Government entertained the Library Association at a garden party at the Experimental Farm outside the city, and in the evening a ball was given in the Parliament House.

At the preliminary session on Wednesday evening the assembled librarians were addressed by representatives of the Canadian Government, in the persons of the acting Premier, George H. Perley, and the Minister of Agriculture, Martin Burrell, as well as by representatives of the city of Ottawa and of the Canadian clubs. The president of the Association, Mrs. H. L. Elmendorf, responded briefly to the addressees of welcome, and called on the Librarian of Congress, Herbert Putnam, to deliver the formal address of the evening. He defined the aim of the library to be "to bring a book to a reader, to lead a reader to a book." All the elaborate organization, all the apparatus and mechanisms invented during the last quarter-century exist only to aid in this. After a rapid survey of the ways in which education had been democratized and of the part the library had played in this work, Mr. Putnam said that the responsibility of the library concerned not merely popular education and the seeker for general culture, but "the scholar, since a benefit to the general reader may end with him-

self, but a benefit to the scholar becomes amplified and diffused through him." "May we not hope," he continued, "for a recognition—a re-recognition—in our organizations also of that type which gave personality to the libraries of old? I mean the type represented by the Panizzi's, the Garnetts, the Winsors, Poole's, Cutters, and Spoffords."

At this conference a definite programme had been outlined, as expressed in the formal address with which Mrs. Elmendorf opened the first general session of the Association. She set forth the ideas that had guided the programme committee, as follows: "The library is the one place where time and space are set at naught. It is the microcosm of the universe. . . . The public for whom the library exists has little conception or comprehension of its power. How shall such publicity as will give this knowledge of it be given? . . . Service, not authority, must be at hand. What shall the tests of fitness for such service be? The staff fit for such service must be of rare material and quality. How conserve their strength, well-being, and joy? Unskilled people cannot render fit service. What are the things that matter in training? How far can training be effective?"

This programme was rather closely adhered to both in the general sessions and the section meetings. Its unity was, however, broken to some extent by the programmes of the many other organizations that meet regularly with the American Library Association. No fewer than three other societies are directly affiliated, namely, the National Association of State Libraries, the American Association of Law Libraries, and the Special Libraries Association; besides, the Bibliographical Society of America, though not affiliated, meets regularly with this group of societies. Then there is the American Library Institute, which is a sort of "academy" superimposed on the larger body and composed of the members of the American Library Association Council and a number of specially elected "academicians." The Institute was founded some years ago to consider important matters not thought suitable for general discussion. The Institute took up this year the rather significant subject of the cost of library administration, which was presented to it in papers by Hiller C. Wellman and Arthur E. Bostwick. A committee was appointed to consider the matter. A similar committee, confined to cataloguing and including not only the cost, but also the methods in use, will be appointed by the Executive Board of the general association at the request of the catalogue section. The various sections of the American Library Association held important meetings; one of them, the professional training section, met jointly with the association at large to discuss several phases of the education of li-

brarians. Among the other sessions of more or less specialized character the one devoted to the interests of the Agricultural libraries attracted the greatest attention. The programme was very full, dealing with the particular functions of the libraries connected with agricultural colleges and experimental stations. There was a symposium on recent reference books and new periodicals of special interest to agricultural libraries. Dr. A. C. Trude, director of the United States Office of Experiment Stations, presented a paper, entitled "Suggestions in Regard to a Policy of Administration of Agricultural College and Experiment Station Libraries," in which he dealt not so much with the details of administration as with the results to be obtained. He paid particular attention to the function of the library in the general extension work of the agricultural college.

The session was also addressed by Martin Burrell, Canadian Minister of Agriculture, and by Prof. James W. Robertson of McGill University, chairman of the Canadian Royal Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education. Dr. Robertson took a particularly active part in the work of the conference, besides being chairman of the local committee.

On Dominion Day the Association listened to a speech by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, on behalf of the Canadian members, presented to the president a gavel of Canadian maple and Canadian silver. The principal address of that session was by Professor Robertson, who spoke on the "Conservation of Character." "Let us conserve life," he said, "for the sake of character." He condemned the modern factory "that makes things of men and women." He spoke of the immigration of the American farmer into the Canadian Northwest. The American is always referred to as "chasing the dollar." Why is this so? "He does it," said Dr. Robertson, "for the sake of a home and to give some boy or girl a better start"; the call of the land lures for the sake of the children. He also spoke of the importance of vocational, of occupational education. Not less remarkable, though in many ways the antithesis of Professor Robertson's speech, was the address delivered on the same occasion by Prof. John McNaughton, also of McGill. He made an impassioned plea for the things of the mind, for spiritual development. He emphasized the importance of thinking, and gave as an example of the power of clear thinking the modern development of Germany, the land, as some one slurringly had said, of "damned professors." It was, he said, just because Germany was the land of "damned professors" that the country had developed as it had in the world of affairs. Her sons believed in the things of the mind, in the world of thought. Professor McNaughton addressed him-

self all through his speech directly to Professor Robertson, and the listeners had the sensation of being witnesses at a duel between two principles, two schools.

At the evening session of the same day President George E. Vincent of the University of Minnesota delivered an address full of subtle irony and whimsical humor in which he pointed out how librarians could influence men's character through their reading. "Books are dead symbols," he said, "until they become vitalized in the hands of a living man."

Thus came to an end a conference of librarians at which the chief subject of discussion was not technique, but the results aimed at. It was not the first American Library Association conference where this tendency to substitute the essentials for the non-essentials was felt, but it was the first, I think, where a conscious effort in this direction had guided those responsible for the programme.

A. G. L. J.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

New and important letters touching the early life of Edgar Allan Poe have come to light in the Library of Congress. They are among the Ellis-Allan papers, a collection of some 442 portfolios and volumes of office books, and letters of an old Richmond, Va., firm. The dates run from 1795 to 1889. John Allan, Poe's foster-father, was a member of the firm. Poe was also employed there in 1827, but doubtless received his sole pay in board and lodgings from Allan.

A letter from Poe's aunt, Eliza Poe, dated Baltimore, February 8, 1813, about two years after he had been taken into the Allan family, is addressed to Mrs. Allan, asking about the welfare of Edgar. A previous letter had met with no response. It should seem that up to that date there had been no intercourse between the two families. Eliza Poe afterwards married Henry Herring. It was her daughter, and Poe's cousin, Elizabeth Herring, to whom Poe made love and wrote verses about the year 1829.

John Allan wrote a letter to Poe's brother, William Henry Poe, dated November 1, 1824, but did not destroy the copy. At that date Poe was fifteen years old, a member of the Junior Morgan Riflemen, and very likely knew something of the town. In this letter Allan wrote: "I have just seen your letter of the 25th ult., to Edgar, and I am much afflicted that he has not written you. He has had little else to do for me he does nothing & seems quite miserable, sulky & ill-tempered to all the Family—How we have acted to produce this is beyond my conception why I have put up so long with his conduct is little less wonderful. The boy possesses not a spark of affection for us, not a particle of gratitude for all my care and kindness towards him. I have given him a much superior Education than ever I received myself . . . I fear his associates have led him to adopt a line of thinking & acting very contrary to what he possessed when in England."

Allan seems to have been watchful of Poe's actions, and to have read his letters. Surely, the strife between the two which

was to end in Poe's leaving his home some years later had now started. Mrs. Allan was suspicious of her husband, and not without cause. Most likely Poe kept her informed of some of Allan's secret movements. When Poe's mother died in Richmond, Allan took charge of the few family trinkets and a packet of letters. Several of these letters were always supposed to have told the story of a skeleton in the Poe family closet. Allan gave these effects to Poe, but as he was addicted to reading letters, he probably knew the contents of the entire packet. Mrs. Clemm, Poe's mother-in-law, and aunt, later on had possession of several of the letters, which she destroyed just before her death. She spoke of a dark Poe family secret, and left the impression that by her work all knowledge of this was now blotted out. Perhaps Allan wished Poe to feel that he held this family secret. In any event, there also appears in his letter to Poe's brother the following: "At least she [Rosalie Poe] is half your sister, and God forbid dear Henry that we should visit upon the living the errors and frailties of the dead." Here the secret is evidently told for the first time. Poe's brother pretended to F. W. Thomas that he did not know what had become of his father, but an attorney of the family stated to Thomas that David Poe deserted his family in New York. It now seems a question whether this charge of Allan's was the cause for Poe's alleged desertion.

Poe's brother also stated to F. W. Thomas that the cause for Edgar's leaving Allan was a quarrel about the pittance of money he was receiving. This is now substantiated. Two letters to Allan from George W. Spotswood from the University of Virginia are in evidence asking for pay for use of his servant—Poe not having, what other students had, a servant to look after his room. There is also a Charlottesville, Va., tailor bill from Samuel Leitch, which never seems to have been paid. An interesting letter to Poe is one from a friend named Edward G. Crump. It is dated March 25, 1827, and shows that Poe was in financial straits. The letter was evidently received by Ellis & Allan after Poe had left Richmond on his sea voyage. It is addressed to Poe, but endorsed on the back, probably by Allan: "To E. A. Poe, alias Henri Le Renné." This gives for the first time the assumed name of Poe for this period, and may lead to other discoveries.

In a copy of a letter to his sister in Scotland, Allan wrote under date of March 27, 1827: "I am thinking Edgar has gone to sea to seek his fortune." How different this sounds from his letter dated May 6, 1829, to the Secretary of War at Washington, in which he asserted that Poe had left him because he refused to pay his gambling debts! All the circumstances indicate that Allan was aware that Poe was on his way to Europe, or had reached there towards the last of March. The mild sentence to his sister would seem to have been in the nature of a query. He was afraid that Poe might head for Scotland and tell her a tale of Allan's misdoings.

This new correspondence is likely to have an important bearing upon the unpublished letters of Poe held by the Valentine Museum of Richmond.

I was told many years ago by the custodian of personal papers of John Allan,

that there existed other documents relating to Poe, which he had never taken the time to examine. He declined to hunt them up, and since his death his relatives have also put off an examination. But some day these papers are likely to see the light, and may bring other surprises.

J. H. WHITTY.
Richmond, Va., June 28.

Correspondence

TERMS NEEDING DEFINITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What does your correspondent, S. R., mean when he says: "Radicals are free traders and revenue-tariff men where free trade is at present impossible. . . ."? This implies that a free trader is not a revenue tariff man. What, then, is a free trader? Is not England a free-trade country? Is it not a revenue-tariff country? Does "free trade" mean the abolition of custom houses? Is not a country a free-trade country that keeps up her customs duties for revenue only? Even Miss Tarbell, in her excellent book, "The Tariff in Our Times," falls into the same error, on p. 179: "They might be free traders, as a few of them are; they might be tariff-for-revenue-only men, as most of them were. . . ." Protectionists constantly misrepresent free trade as meaning the abolition of custom houses. Let us enter upon this campaign with a definite idea of what our words stand for, and, above all, let us avoid the common mistake of protectionists in using the term "free trade" in two different senses.

Both terms "free trade" and "protection" are unfortunate, for each has a double meaning. "Free trade" is not absolute free trade, and "protection" does not protect in the sense in which the term is used by protectionists, for "free trade" means limited or partial free trade, so much free trade as is consistent with the necessity of raising revenue through customs duties, and "protection" protects only the pocket of the manufacturer, not that of the workman or of the consumer. The first term is used by protectionists to cast discredit on free trade, the second term is used by them to throw a false glamour over protection.

A. M. E.
Providence, July 8.

MOREAU DE SAINT MÉRY'S DIARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. A. W. Goodspeed, in his letter from Philadelphia, which appeared in the *Nation* of May 2, giving an account of the annual meeting of the American Philosophical Society, says: "An analysis of 'The Diary of a Voyage to the United States,' by Moreau de Saint Méry, was presented by S. L. Mims of Yale University, who had the good fortune to discover it in the Colonial Archives of Paris, where it had lain forgotten for three generations."

Mr. Mims, or Professor Goodspeed, as the case may be, is mistaken in giving the impression that this curious manuscript volume has only just been brought to light. Records, which I have seen, in the Colonial Office, show that Mr. Henry Adams must have been acquainted with it in 1879, when

engaged on his "History of the United States," and this statement was confirmed by the late Victor Tantet, long librarian of the Colonial Office, when, some ten years ago, he called my attention to the Diary, gave me notes on it, and left it with me for several days so that I was able to examine its pages at leisure in my study. Later, I spent a whole afternoon at the old Colonial Office, then in the Tuilleries, turning over the faded leaves of the volume, reading them here and there, and making further notes and extracts. It will be seen, therefore, that at least two Americans other than Mr. Mims have known of this manuscript for many years. In fact, I made two attempts, but in vain, to get a New York publisher to reproduce in an English translation the more interesting entries of this diary. But this want is to be largely met by the excellent act of the Carnegie Institution, which is now having a complete copy made of this valuable document.

Moreau de Saint Méry was no ordinary man; quite the contrary. In the National Library, Paris, is an in-12 printed in 1819 and entitled "Notice sur Moreau de St. Méry," which I ran over one afternoon several years ago, and from which I drew the following facts of his life. The author of this pamphlet, Dr. Fournier-Pescary, who is described as "the Secretary of the Military Hygienic Council," spoke at the burial of Moreau, January 30, 1819, and evidently knew him well. One might be led to suppose that he was his medical man. He is also, by the way, the writer of the notice on Moreau de Saint Méry which appears in the "Biographie Michaud."

Dr. Fournier-Pescary states that Moreau's family was one of the most distinguished in the island of Martinique; that the child was left fatherless at a very early age and was sent to Paris at nineteen in order to get the education necessary to enable him to succeed his grandfather in the seneschalship of the island. He had powerful and rich friends at the French capital and immediately began to show remarkable intellectual powers. His industry was indefatigable. In order to have leisure for study, he kept up for some time after his arrival in Paris the habit of sleeping only one night out of three. He began Latin without a teacher, eventually learned to speak it with great facility, and, because of his prodigious memory, could repeat whole passages of the classics. His progress was so rapid in the Law School that in fourteen months he was able to defend a thesis in Latin, received his degree of bachelor of laws, and was admitted to the Paris bar. He then returned to his native island, where he quickly became one of the leading lawyers, and after seven or eight years of active practice was made a member of the Superior Council of Santo Domingo. During the leisure which this post gave him, he took up again a subject of study which had occupied his youth and collected the materials for his important work devoted to the laws and customs of Santo Domingo, on which he was engaged in Paris at the moment the revolution broke out. During one of the many journeys which he made in this connection, he discovered the tomb of Christopher Columbus, and through his care the monument of the great admiral was restored. He became a member of the Constituent Assembly in 1789, where he joined the Mod-

erate party, which brought him into conflict with the mob by whom he was dangerously wounded. He escaped to a small town in Normandy, where he was discovered and arrested, but got free and hid at Havre, whither he was pursued and whence he sailed with his wife and two children for the United States. The description of this long and painful voyage is given in detail in the Diary, and is one of the most stirring portions of the volume. The Terror in France and the civil war in Santo Domingo ruined Moreau financially, so that on reaching America he was only too glad to become a clerk to a New York merchant. Thence he drifted to Philadelphia, where he set up as a bookseller and publisher, and where he spent the greater portion of his five years' sojourn in the United States during Washington's second term and the beginning of Adams's Administration. In 1799, he returned to France and filled several honorable posts, but was reduced to such financial straits through a base political intrigue that he had to sell his silver and linen in order to live. Then it was that he made this proud speech to the Emperor: "I do not ask your Majesty to recompense my probity; I beg only that it be tolerated. Fear nothing, my disease is not contagious!" For six years he lived in abject poverty. But his remarkable intellectual parts were recognized on every hand, for he was a member of nearly all the literary societies of Paris and of several scientific societies. But neither Dr. Fournier-Pescary nor Mr. Balch, who, at the Philadelphia meeting last month, gave a long list of celebrities who had been members of the American Philosophical Society, put Moreau in this galaxy, though, as will be seen in two places in the extracts from the Diary as given below, he was very proud of the fact.

Dr. Fournier-Pescary furthermore tells us that Moreau had friends in all ranks of society, and that "few had so many as he." This was doubtless largely due to the strict observance of this motto which he had engraved on the face of his watch, so that it was frequently under his eyes: "Il est toujours l'heure de faire le bien." And the funeral oration closes with these words: "Posterity will see in Moreau de Saint Méry an eloquent orator, a learned jurist, a distinguished lawyer, an honest judge filled with tenderness, an enlightened administrator devoted to the public interests, a writer remarkable for his finesse, the fecundity of his mind, the extent and variety of his knowledge, and the elegance and clearness of his style."

Some further biographical facts about Moreau may be found in the volume for 1819 of the French Royal Agricultural Society, of which he was a member, in a notice on him by M. Silvestre, the Perpetual Secretary of that body. We are told that when Moreau's grandfather was dying, the lad was informed by him where were 66,000 francs which could be employed for his education. But he would not take advantage of this offer, and told the whole family of the fact. M. Silvestre gives us another instance of Moreau's wonderful intellectual powers. At the outbreak of the Revolution, he was President of the Paris Electoral Committee, and in a single night wrote, dictated, and signed more than three thousand orders. No wonder that when this body dissolved, it voted and struck in his

honor a medal. He was the author of a large number of sayings that were current. Here are two preserved by M. Silvestre: "Gratitude is a flower of the tomb," and "Calumny is a money that anybody can coin and few refuse." His death, it appears, was precipitated by an act of kindness to a relative. It is pleasant and not surprising to know that "he had a noble and beautiful face."

In the spring of 1794, Moreau made a stage trip from Philadelphia to New York. It is one of the most valuable portions of his Diary and well illustrates his passion for details, precise data, and out-of-the-way information, which renders these notes so useful and instructive to-day. I give several extracts:

May 24, 1794.

Princeton resembles all the other places already described that we have passed through since we started from Philadelphia, that is to say, it consists almost wholly of houses lining either side of the road, some eighty in number and chiefly made of brick. The town has a Presbyterian church and a college. The last calls for a stop in order to speak of it, just as we made a stop to visit it. The building, which is of stone, is about 70 French feet in length and some 40 deep. It has three stories, if we count as a story the ground floor, which rises from 7 to 8 feet above the ground and thus makes possible cellars. There is a garret at the top, so that the Americans say that the building is four stories high. In the middle, the edifice advances so that there are ten windows on either side of this projection and six more under the pediment. On the whole, this structure is quite striking for America. In front is a large yard, shut off from the street by a brick wall, with pilasters at equal distances supporting wooden urns painted gray. This yard is not well kept and is covered with the dung of the animals that go there to browse on the grass. In the middle is an old iron cannon, a four-pounder, minus its carriage. This cannon and the bad condition of the wall with several of the urns fallen to the ground, give an unkempt appearance to everything, so that you reach the building with a feeling of vexation that the students should have such a bad example before their eyes. You enter this college, which is called Nassau Hall, by three doors, one of which is in the middle of the portion of the edifice which advances and the two others on the sides and parallel to each other. The steps leading up to these doors are in wood and without balustrades. The two upper floors are dormitories, with a corridor running from end to end, which divides each floor into equal parts. There are 42 rooms, each intended to accommodate three students. On the ground floor are a chapel, a dining hall, and a library of some two thousand volumes, where you are shown the justly celebrated planetarium made by Dr. David Rittenhouse, who is now President of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, and who was born in Pennsylvania. Facing the central door but at the back of the building is a large class-room furnished with the usual benches. On the right on entering, you notice a picture some eight feet high—a full-length portrait of Washington, holding his sword in his right hand and in the act of commanding, while his left hand, resting on his hip, grasps his hat. Behind him, on the left side of the picture, and somewhat in the background, is General Mercer, lying on the ground, resting on his left shoulder. Back of the General are two aides-de-camp. In the distance, on the right side of the canvas, is represented the battle of Princeton. Though this picture is not without merit, three criticisms of it may be made. In the first place, General Washington is holding his hat in his hand and appears very composed at the moment when he is commanding in battle. Secondly, General Mercer, who died from the wound which he received at this battle of Princeton in January, 1777, does not appear to be suffering, and, thirdly, the aides-de-camp are presented in such an uncertain attitude that they do not seem to be occupied with the dying General.

At the back of the college there is also a yard, which, too, is dirty and the turf allowed to grow wild, so that everything hereabout has a neglected air. Though there is room in the building for 120 students, only about eighty are present, coming chiefly from Virginia and the two Carolinas. I should like to praise the management of this institution, but when one has not been brought up in American fashion, this is difficult. The system which puts no restraint on children is so closely allied with heedlessness on the part of teachers, and so strongly favors the indolent disposition of the Americans, that it can produce only a vicious order of things. Its effects are visible at Princeton College, where, I am told, the attention of the students is more occupied with gaming and licentious tendencies than with their studies. Their board and lodging costs them \$100 (550 francs) per year, and washing one gourde a month.

Princeton is a very healthful place. This is proved by the registers of the College, which has lost but five or six students since its foundation. This, perhaps, is one of the reasons why young men from Santo Domingo flock here. There are several inns in the town, the principal one being that of the Sign of Washington, where Gen. Rochambeau put up when he marched from Rhode Island to Virginia. At this moment it is kept by David Hamilton. The houses are bordered along the street by very fine catalpas.

September 21, 1794.

The news has spread of the beheading of Robespierre. It has made a deep impression in the United States, but in several different ways. The Jacobins here were profoundly afflicted by it, as if they had lost their father, their leader, their best friend. But all those who are not Jacobins, all true patriots and sincere friends of liberty see in this event a providential act only too long delayed. As regards the Americans of all classes and all kinds, they show sincere regret for the disappearance of Robespierre, and are greatly moved by his death. Here is the reason for it; Robespierre made it impossible for Frenchmen to remain in France. As soon as a man or a gold piece could get out of the country, they came over here; and, as what are wanted here are men, money, and industry, it is evident how the destruction of such a being will hurt those on this side! I have heard this said a hundred times with a frankness which did not make it any more palatable to me. For a long time the Jacobins declared that there was no truth in the report. But I wagered two gourdes—not a small sum for me—against one that it was true. Oh! how I would have given all I possessed if my dear De Varenne had escaped from the monster whose execrable memory posterity will never treat worse than is deserved. Who does not charge to him the loss of a father, a mother, a son, a daughter, some relative or friend, a compatriot, or a fellow citizen, a being more or less dear?

September 30, 1794.

We had dining with us Dr. Mitchell, the celebrated New York chemist. We went to the horse races at Jamaica, Long Island. In the evening, when I took him back to New York, we had a cold, strong wind, which drove us nearly down to Sandy Hook.

November 19, 1794.

I went to see Washington enter Congress and listen to his opening address. How simple and natural it all was! But it was Washington, and it was the meeting of the representatives of a nation which had conquered its liberty. What vast, grand conceptions in such a simple setting! How these republican forms address themselves to the soul and lift up the heart! What a destiny they predict for this part of the world!

February 28, 1796.

I went and paid my respects to Mr. Adams, who has become Vice-President of the United States.

January 21, 1798.

I went and saw General Kosciuszko, who has just arrived in Philadelphia, where the Americans have received him with great

demonstrations of joy. They took the horses from his carriage and drew him from the point where he had landed to the lodgings which had been engaged for him.

July 18, 1798.

The feeling against the French is growing stronger every day. In Philadelphia at present, I am the only person who wears the French cockade. The American Republicans fearing they may come to blows with the Federalists have held a meeting and taken secret measures to protect themselves. I was present at this gathering and was given two keys for two different places of refuge for me and mine in case my own house should be threatened. I have taken passage on the *Adraste*. A little later I learned that Mr. Adams, President of the United States, has drawn up a list of Frenchmen to be sent out of the country, at the head of which stand Volney, General Collot, and I. I was curious to know what Mr. Adams had against me. So I asked Mr. Langdon, Senator from New Hampshire, to enquire. The answer was: "Nothing in particular; but he is too French." Now, all the time Mr. Adams was Vice-President, he often came to my house, to my office, and to my shop. We even presented one another with our books. But I never saw him after he became President. Mr. Robert Liston, Minister Plenipotentiary of England, has very kindly provided me with a passport for me, my family, my goods, papers, maps, drawings, etc.

August 22, 1798.

On the occasion of a proposed ball to celebrate Washington's birthday, I asked Mr. John Vaughan, a merchant, my near neighbor, and a fellow member of the Philosophical Society, to get me one of the tickets which were on sale and which gave admittance to the ball. But he answered that as I was a storekeeper I could not claim such an honor. Whereupon, I answered: "Are you not aware of the fact that I was never more your equal than from the moment that I am nothing?" I did not get a ticket, and I did not see the ball.

One day I was talking in my shop with Mr. Swanwick, merchant and member of the House of Representatives, when the publisher, Matthew Carey, a man of intelligence, but an American of the United States, drew me aside and said with a troubled air: "Are you aware that you are speaking with Mr. Swanwick?" "Yes," I answered. "And you do not address him as Excellency, knowing that he belongs to the Lower House?" I replied: "When Mr. Swanwick, who knows that I was a member of the Constituent Assembly, which was at least ten times more important than your Congress, excellencies me, I will do the same, but not before."

A Philadelphia shoemaker for men would consider himself disgraced if he worked for children. The captain of the ship "Columbia" of New York told me that the mate never ate with him, because if they ate together, they would talk, and conversation leads to familiarity. And yet Baron Steuben took a son of John Adams, Vice-President of the United States, and the son of bankrupt tailor, and gave them the same education. They are both lawyers at New York, and the son of the tailor shows the more sagacity.

To an American, without exception, the surest sign of superiority lies in the possession of a carriage. In this matter, the women especially show a desire that borders on delirium. A woman owning a carriage is perfectly certain that if another woman has no carriage the latter will not be considered her equal. Consequently, private carriages are rather numerous. But they are not very comfortable, because most of them are open in front, like the stages. In Philadelphia there are 600 two-wheeled carriages and 400 four-wheeled, besides 300 carts and wagons for transporting purposes.

There is an organization to bring about the abolition of slavery. But the idea makes very slow progress, as public opinion is more opposed than favorable to it.

August 24, 1798.

A word concerning the ceremonial attending the opening of the sessions of Congress,

When the two chambers have attained the number required by the Constitution, the President is informed of the fact, and he then states on what day he will present himself. When that day arrives, both houses meet in the hall of the House of Representatives, the presiding officer of the Senate sitting on the right and the Speaker of the House of Representatives on the left. The Senators come in in a body, and then the hall of the Representatives becomes the Congress. The Senators take seats on the floor of the House. When the Senate appears, the Representatives rise, and the sergeant-at-arms advances from the door to the interior with the mace. It is ordinarily noon when Washington appears, seated alone in a coach drawn by four horses. His three domestics and coachman are in white livery with red cuffs and collars. In front of the coach march seven constables with white rods, preceded by fourteen-policemen. When the President enters, everybody rises. He then sits down in the Speaker's chair, but rises in a moment, and goes and sits between the two presiding officers, but on the highest step. Then, having bowed, he delivers his address standing, the whole Congress also standing. The foreign Ministers are seated in chairs on Washington's right, but on the floor of the House. They keep their seats during the address. When finished, Washington hands a copy of his address to each of the presiding officers, quits the hall, and returns to his residence, escorted as he came. Washington is dressed in black, wearing a furbished hat and a sword, and carrying a wig-bag. Neither he nor any of the others put on their hats during the ceremony. He was applauded neither in coming nor in going. The silence which reigned in the public galleries of the Congress is worthy of the greatest praise.

THEODORE STANTON.

Paris, July 1.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Theodore Stanton's letter has proved very interesting to me, for I am glad to find some one else who justly appreciates Moreau de Saint-Méry, and who has found delight in reading the unpublished record of his sojourn in America.

The first two paragraphs of the letter require a word of explanation from me. Mr. Stanton very naturally inferred from the short notice in the *Nation* of May 2 regarding my paper read before the American Philosophical Society on April 18, that I was posing as the discoverer of the Diary. He could have made no such inference, however, if he had seen the full report of my paper, which I prepared myself at the request of the American Philosophical Society, and which appeared in the account of the proceedings by Professor Goodspeed in *Science* of May 17, and in the Philadelphia dailies of April 18 and 19. In that report the following words were employed: "Mr. Mims told the story of his good fortune in finding the Diary in the Colonial Archives at Paris, where it had lain covered with dust, all but unnoticed and forgotten, for three generations."

It will be seen that the words "all but unnoticed and forgotten" found no place in the short notice in the *Nation*. They represent, however, an acknowledgment which I made in my paper of the fact that at least three persons had seen the Diary before me, and that two of them had already published extracts from it. The reprints of my paper, which are in press and about ready for distribution, record the fact that Pichot in his "Souvenirs Intimes de Talleyrand," published in 1870, printed a most interesting passage from the Diary concern-

ing the intimate relations between Talleyrand and Moreau at Philadelphia, and that this passage has been quoted by Lollée and Lacombe in their recent biographies of the famous diplomat. Reference is also made to a very interesting article in *La Revue* of 1905, on Moreau's sojourn at Philadelphia, written by Victor Tantet and based on the Diary.

This means of course that I have in no sense posed as the discoverer of the Diary. I was, to be sure, ignorant of the fact that Mr. Henry Adams and Mr. Stanton had seen the manuscript, and I think Mr. Stanton's letter explains, if it does not justify, my ignorance. I shall be very glad to profit from the information contained in the letter, and make due acknowledgment of it in my introduction to the edition of the Diary which I am preparing for publication at the Yale University Press. The copy which the Carnegie Institution has just had made was prepared for me, and at my own initiative. If Mr. Stanton will send me his address I shall be pleased to mail him a copy of the text when it is ready for distribution. I am very glad that my paper has furnished the occasion for the publication of his excellent translation of some most interesting extracts.

STEWART L. MIMS.

Yale University, July 12.

THE PANTHEON IN ROME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will someone kindly tell me if the name of the Pantheon in Rome did not originally mean the "All Divine" rather than "Of All the Gods"? Was it not dedicated by Agrippa to the gods of the gens Julia, rather than to all the Olympians? If so, when, and how, came about the change from the earlier meaning?

A. R. W.

New Bedford, Mass., July 15.

Literature

THE DOCTRINE OF THE SOUL.

Body and Mind: A History and a Defense of Animism. By William McDougall, M.B. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.75 net.

The word animism found in the subtitle of Dr. McDougall's present work is, as he says, "frequently used by contemporary writers to denote what is more properly called primitive animism, or primitive anthropomorphism, namely, the belief that all natural objects which seem to exert any power or influence are moved or animated by 'spirits,' or intelligent purposive beings." But this is not the original application of the word, and our author chooses to revert to its more proper meaning, using it as the best term for the view "that all, or some, of those manifestations of life and mind which distinguish the living man from the corpse, and from inorganic bodies, are due to the operation within him of something which is of a nature different from that of the body, an animating principle gen-

erally, but not necessarily or always conceived as an immaterial and individual being or soul." This, the doctrine of the soul, is the real subject of the book.

"I hold," says Dr. McDougall in his Preface, "that men of science ought to make intelligible to the general public the course and issue of scientific discussions upon the wider questions to which their researches are directed." Recent attempts in this direction have not been eminently successful in dealing thus with psychological and philosophical problems, and it is a gratification, therefore, to find that in this case the pressure of this sense of obligation has led to the writing of so worthy a book. This, however, will not surprise those who have followed Dr. McDougall's career; for he has already won laurels, not only as a neurologist, but also more lately as a psychologist; and no English writer is better equipped by temperament or training for the task undertaken. Nevertheless, it is not at all certain that he has succeeded in this effort to present an argument that shall be fully "intelligible to the general public." His opening historical chapters are not easy reading; and the same must be said of his excellent studies of the physiological, psychological, and philosophical objections, which have led, as he acknowledges, to the very widespread rejection of the animistic hypothesis by the modern world. The plain man will thus probably find the first half of the book too difficult to follow, and will be tempted to pass over lightly the critical matter there treated, while accepting gratefully the closing arguments favorable to animism with which he is likely to find himself in sympathy.

Adopting the method of the trained scientist, our author in the first six chapters makes a careful study of the rise and development of the doctrine under consideration: this historical survey being followed by four chapters in which he states with great care the case in opposition to the view which in the end he is to support; presenting the adverse arguments, and developing their strength, with a fairness that is truly admirable when one considers the final drift of his thought. He then proceeds to examine the weaknesses of these adverse arguments, and the difficulties connected with the abandonment of the conception of the soul; and finding these weaknesses and difficulties sufficiently formidable to lead him to refuse to join the mass of his fellow-scientists in rejecting the animistic doctrine, he feels himself warranted in choosing to cling to the traditional view, which appeals to his inner nature, notwithstanding its acknowledged perplexities and obscurities.

Apart from some details to be referred to below, there is no just ground

for any substantial disagreement with the author until we reach his final step; but here we must demur. Although he has not hesitated to face the unanswered difficulties connected with the conception of the soul, yet one feels that he tends to overemphasize the cogency of those connected with the opposition. His argument appears at most to warrant a suspension of judgment, rather than the positive advocacy of the animistic hypothesis with which the book closes: for it cannot be granted, even on pragmatic grounds, that he is justified, as he thinks he is, in "willing to believe" in a concept which he acknowledges to be obscure and involved with objections, unless he can present sound reasons for his belief that the rejection of the conception of a soul must necessarily involve the unfortunate moral results he fears. But this he fails to do.

Nor is he justified in asserting that his final interpretation of the meaning of this concept of the soul is fitted to meet the needs of the people, the utter demoralization of whose lives he foresees if belief in this concept is weakened. The soul, he tells us in his closing chapter, "is a being that possesses, or is, the sum of definite capacities for psychical activity, and psycho-physical interaction, of which the most fundamental are (1) the capacity of producing, in response to certain physical stimuli, . . . the whole range of sensation qualities, in their whole range of intensities; (2) the capacity of responding to certain sensation-complexes with the production of meanings; . . . (3) the capacity of responding to these sensations and these meanings with feeling and conation or effort, under the spur of which further meanings may be brought to consciousness in accordance with the laws of similars and of reasoning; (4) the capacity of reacting upon the brain processes to modify their course in a way that we cannot clearly define, but which we may provisionally conceive as a process of guidance by which streams of nervous energy may be concentrated in a way that antagonizes the tendency of all physical energy to dissipation and degradation."

"The popular view," he continues, "has always held that all 'memory,' all mental retention and reproduction, all mental and moral growth, is rooted in the soul; that, in short, the soul is the bearer of all that is essential to the developed personality of each man." But this view, he agrees, "cannot be reconciled with the fact that the makeup of human personality includes many habits that are unquestionably rooted in the structure of the nervous system. It conflicts also with the large mass of evidence which indicates the dependence of all the sensory content of consciousness . . . on the integrity of the brain." He therefore accepts an hypothesis of dual conditions of mem-

ory, and under this view holds (p. 372) that, although "all habits belong to the body, the soul does undergo a real development, an enrichment of its capacities"; and if it survives death, "carries with it some large part of that which it has gained by intellectual and moral effort": and that, although it is "impossible to suppose the surviving soul would enjoy the exercise of thought of the kind with which alone we are familiar, yet it is not inconceivable that it might find conditions that would stimulate it to imageless thought, . . . or might find under other conditions (possibly in association with some other bodily organism) a sphere for the application and actualization of the capacities developed in it during its life in the body."

It is not easy to believe that faith in the existence of souls of the nature thus described by our author would carry with it the comfort and moral stimulus which he feels it so important to retain. While in a measure it may meet (p. 371) "the mere personal dislike of the prospect of extinction," it can scarcely give satisfaction to the "promptings of personal affection." It surely points to no way by which "the injustices of this life may be . . . made good" in another world; nor does it obviously strengthen "the hope that those highest products of evolution, the personalities built up by long sustained moral and intellectual effort, shall not wholly pass away at the death of the body." Clearly the nature of the individual personalities which his conception suggests is too diverse from that of the personalities of living men to interest the plain man, whose desires and hopes, as our author acknowledges, will only be satisfied by the survival of a soul that has not only something "of that which distinguishes one personality from another," and "marks of the experiences it has undergone in its embodied life"; but that also "enjoys . . . continuity of personal memory" of a type familiar to us all in every-day life.

The critical tone of these remarks must not give the reader the impression that the writer of this review is unsympathetic with these desires and hopes of the plain man. The best of us are plain men during a large part of our waking hours, and as such must share the feelings and aspirations of our fellows. But we must not lose sight of the fact that we are here dealing, not with desires and hopes, nor even with faith; but with an attempt to gain clarity of thought. The doctrine of the existence of a soul which endures after death has certainly carried with it many great benefits to struggling humanity, and is not to be lightly discarded because of the doubts raised by modern science. But surely even one who believes most fully that the concept of immortality embodies

a great truth, will agree that these doubts, which our author's own statements must emphasize, indicate that the truth which is so bound up with these benefits is ill-expressed in the animistic concept. It is true indeed that doubt does not necessarily indicate the total invalidity of the concept it leads us to distrust; it may, and usually does, mean no more than that the doubted concept gives us a distorted image of the truth. But where doubts are so well founded as our author himself shows them to be in this case, their significance cannot be overlooked; and if we believe that the doubted concept embodies a vital truth we must agree that there is call for its re-expression. That such a re-expression of the truth which is ill expressed by the animistic hypothesis will be forthcoming at no very distant day is the firm conviction of the present writer; and he is inclined to feel that a thinker of the ability of our author, instead of clinging to the old concept by an effort of will, should have felt himself bound to look for such re-expression.

Passing from this general view, we note certain details of Dr. McDougall's argument which are not thoroughly convincing. He properly gives weight to the difficulties connected with the hypothesis of "parallelism" as devised and developed by the Associationists, who accepted uncritically the conception of mind as an aggregate of psychic atoms. But this atomistic view is now-a-days defended by few psychologists, being generally displaced by the conception of mind as a psychic system; and our author's objections to the parallelism of the atomists do not appear to apply to the hypothesis of mental and physical correspondences within correlated physical and mental systems, in some of the forms in which it has been presented.

Dr. McDougall quite properly emphasizes the difficulties attending the acceptance of the mechanistic explanation of biological phenomena, especially those relating to the existence of variation; but we surely are not thereby forced to assume, as he implies, that the explanation of these phenomena can only be found in the disturbance of mechanism by a mysterious psychic force, which at best does not appear to be appreciably like consciousness as we know it, and whose mode of application can only be pictured in terms of somewhat wild hypotheses (cf. pp. 211ff.).

Dr. McDougall also in the course of his argument (chaps. xxi to xxiv) makes much of the breadth of psychic life that, after all our studies in psychophysics, remains altogether inexplicable in terms of brain activity. This, however, does not take from the fact that each step in our knowledge of the nervous system gives us new data corroborative of the view that all of our conscious experiences are correlated with

special situations or changes in the physical system: rather is it a most welcome acknowledgment that our knowledge of consciousness given in our interpretation of introspection far surpasses in breadth our knowledge of the nature of its physical basis. Such an acknowledgment by one of our foremost neurologists is significant as an indication that we are awakening from the spell under which we have been placed by the psycho-physicists, and are ready again to continue the study of psychology from which for some decades they have diverted our attention. We shall return to this task, however, with glad acknowledgment of the value of the work done by the exponents of the misnamed "New Psychology," so far as it goes; and ready to avail ourselves of what is valuable to our purpose in the rather meagre data they have been able to gather.

These critical observations must not lead the reader to underestimate the value of the book Dr. McDougall has given us. Differing from the author, as we do, in relation to certain technical points in his exposition, and denying, as we must, the legitimacy of his final conclusions, we nevertheless recognize fully the value of his achievement. It is just because of this value that the book is worthy of careful analysis and thorough study: and we cannot close this review without referring again with admiration to the fair-mindedness and intellectual rectitude of its author, nor without repetition of the conviction that he has given us a most enlightening contribution to the very difficult subject he has undertaken to discuss.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Deicpond. By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Co.

This is a bewilderingly clever novel. Like the work of one or two of the masters of modern fiction—who shall be nameless so that the reader may discover likenesses for himself—the book deals with seemingly insignificant episodes in a breathless tone of portent which keeps one a-shiver from the first page to the last. Like Gilbert's verses about the naughty boy, the damning catalogue of crime, made up mostly of no crimes, but of harmless states of mind, mounts higher and higher, till, behold! Nemesis is upon us. To make matters more complex, the story is told by a woman observer of the whole matter, and to the progress of un-events are added the ever-womanly apprehensive habit and continual cross-references to past and future and potential tenses.

The hero being a writer of novels, and the narrator a small compiling author, there is a great deal about the art of book-making. At times, indeed, there is temptation to think of the story as a severe lecture to novel-read-

ers. For much satire is lavished on the unfortunate Mr. Saintsbury's crude notions as to "how the creative mind gets its material"; and on the great public which is "extraordinarily stupid about fact in fiction." There is throughout a vein of sub-condemnation for all who do not share the narrator's views on politics, art, literature, morals, and the dispositions of life. One reads in a guilty fear of being detected in a "usual" attitude towards anything. The characters are drawn with marvellous subtlety. No types they, but men and women bristling with personality, unexpected themselves, and doing always the unexpected, but as brightly visible as will o' the wisps. The plot deals with the half-unconscious discontent of a wife with her husband, all whose "passions and preferences were intellectual." He "had been young, but he had never had youth"; he acquired facts by reason and observation, but he could not see. When Hilda had become the mother of little Flora, her destiny seemed fulfilled so far as her husband was concerned. The youthful unimportance to which he still relegated her after coming to the conclusion that she "was not quite big enough to play the part of a political hostess" became to her a half-acknowledged grievance. Unluckily, an author whom she had unconsciously inspired happened along at the moment when her "unawakened" condition was beginning to tell upon her. Incidentally, this is where the usual person, in the character of worm, turns. The "unawakened woman" of story grows tiresome. Why awaken her? Let her sleep. Hilda's case was especially difficult because it was "marriage and motherhood" which "had given her at least the knowledge" that she lacked something. Though she hardly knew it, "she was being wasted; kept from her full duties and responsibilities."

Never, however, was the triangular situation developed with more reserve and discretion, and with less of intention. Pictures and politics, not passion, welded the friendship which led to the dénouement. If the time came when the principals "were hardly in their own hands," it came because they were not "let alone." Their most discriminating friend saw that "the friendship mattered, while except for social convenience and Flora, the marriage did not matter in the least." To quarrel with the catastrophe of such a story would be folly, yet a query will persist, Was it inevitable? and is not the narrator's satisfaction in the "awakening" of Hilda rather an anti-climax to her professed dread of it? The scenes by the way are no less subtly presented than the unfolding of the drama. From studio parties to political dinners there is an orgy of brilliancy dimmed only by the tendency of the un-obvious to become obvious. The plain reader floun-

ders when told that Hilda was "Flemish rather than Florentine, with the clear, square drawing that you get in a white tulip." Blinks when she asks, "Yes, but isn't it part of the blessing of knowing what you want that you're not meant to have?" To Mr. Saintsbury this "would have seemed sheer nonsense," but, of course, we others know better.

The White Waterfall. By James Francis Dwyer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Polynesia is inexhaustible ground for adventure. Each new island may have been hitherto unvisited by the story-writer. Maoris, Kanakas, and Fijians may plausibly assemble, lending a hand, friendly or otherwise, to English and Californian explorers. This is what happens in "The White Waterfall." A San Franciscan scientist, with profound interest in ancient Polynesian skulls, is lured to a voyage of investigation by a wretch whom it were flattery to call a devil. The professor's two daughters accompany him, naturally. The leading scoundrel and a villainous English ship's captain are offset by the owner's gallant nephew and an intrepid mate, while brown and black make up the crew. Thus through storm and stress they come to the Isle of Tears and have amazing adventures among amazing surroundings which are not all invented properties, but are warranted by the author to have analogies in real South Sea Island history. And of the Dance of the Centipede and the Vermilion Pit and the Stone Sacrificial Altar with the movable slab, the reader will not let go till the White Waterfall has been found, the Maori's song fulfilled, and through fearsome scenes a happy ending procured for the deserving few. The story leaps along seductively and, if not in the classic language of Defoe, is told in an agile fashion with no detaining superfluities.

The Blue Wall. By Richard Washburn Child. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Many readers of "Jim Hands" and "The Man in the Shadow" will be disappointed in Mr. Child's latest book. In the earlier stories the great merit was the sympathetic presentation of attractive characters; in "The Blue Wall" character is sacrificed to story, and the story is not worth the sacrifice. Julianne Colfax, a charming girl, supposedly the daughter of a fine old New England judge, discovers after his death that she is really a sort of changeling, the daughter of a drunkard murderer. The plot turns on the effect which this supposed fact has on her life. Clearly, here is a chance for an interesting study in character. But the author chooses to neglect this opportunity, and to make an artificial mystery out of his heroine. To heighten curiosity, he devises a series of disquieting events; he throws

out numerous dark suggestions and misleading clues. Apparently, we are to have a detective story. The doctor, who is the principal narrator, gathers his facts from four subordinate narratives, and the central situation is not disclosed till past the middle of the book. To preserve the mystery, the heroine is kept in the background until almost the end, when, of course, she supplies the solution. Meanwhile, like Chaucer's Custance in the "Man of Law's Tale," she displays a taciturnity explicable only on the ground that without it there would be no story. To balance this unnatural reserve, her husband shows an equally abnormal loquacity; at a time when he is half-distracted with anxiety about his wife's condition, he relates with much dramatic skill the strange course of his courtship and marriage, at a length of more than a hundred pages. Finally, the theory that Julianne is the drunkard's daughter is found to rest solely on the testimony of an untrustworthy old servant, who disappears after declaring that, for reasons of her own, she has fabricated the whole thing. It is a sort of "The Lady or the Tiger?" dilemma; was Julianne daughter to the judge or to the murderer, and was the change in her due to her heredity or to her mistaken belief about it? Mr. Child's very sensible answer to these questions is, "Who cares?"

MILITARY FINANCE.

Modern Wars and War Taxes: A Manual of Military Finance. By W. R. Lawson. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

Though this book has some very grave defects, it is nevertheless an important contribution to one of the greatest discussions of the day. Mr. Lawson says that Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion" is too refined and obscure an argument to have much weight with the democratic assemblies who will be the chief war-makers of the future. No one will say that of his own argument. The democratic assemblies will not find it too refined, and if it is obscure, they will not discover the fact. He seems to fancy himself at some Donnybrook Fair intent on cracking a head wherever he sees one. Sir Robert Walpole, Adam Smith, Cobden, Gladstone, and Lloyd George all feel the weight of his cudgel. His excursions into economics sometimes land him in very peculiar situations, and his philosophy of history might with some truth exclaim, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

Yet he has written a timely, readable, and on the whole instructive book. He does not err in saying that there does not exist in the English language a textbook of military finance, and he deserves more than slight thanks for attempting to supply a great need. In view of the pioneer character of his ef-

fort, and of the stress of political emotion amid which it has been accomplished, it is not surprising that this need has not in every particular been successfully met. It is quite obvious that our author is addressing with quickened pulse an audience keyed to a high pitch. Much that he says is fantastic, irrelevant, or even absurd. Nevertheless, there is an irreducible minimum of sound sense and prophetic warning that entitles this book to wide and careful reading.

Andrew Carnegie and Edwin Ginn will probably dissent from the declaration that armaments are not to be put down by pacific crusades. They rest, we are told, on too broad a foundation for that. They should be studied as one of the fundamental problems of modern civilization. Critics who would judge them fairly and intelligently must put themselves in the place of the responsible rulers, who, one and all, regard them as a necessary evil. A moderate amount of historical knowledge, declares Mr. Lawson, will suggest various rational motives for even a peace-loving state to hold it a duty to be well armed "in unsettled times like these."

The legitimate rivalry of nations, for example, was never so keen as at present. Another motive is found in the fact that all states, and European states in particular, are more exposed than ever before to the formation of new combinations which may threaten their security and their international rights. Thirdly, it must be remembered that there is still a large leaven of brute force in the world, which breaks out ever and anon, even in comparatively cultured communities. Nor should we ignore the fact that the principle of nationality is still rampant in many countries, as one can see from the Italian raid on Tripoli. And, lastly, racial questions of supreme gravity are being brought to the front, China, for example, being alive with them. Gentlemen may cry "Peace, peace!" but evidently there is no peace. Mr. Lawson's contention appears to be that the world is confronted with a condition rather than a theory, and, that being the case, it is high time to put armaments on a sound economic foundation.

The parts of his book which undoubtedly are to his mind the most valuable will strike many of his readers as the most negligible. Economics is not his strong point. He should have known better than to declare, in his chapter on Food and Finance, that, "with all respect for Adam Smith and his Socialistic perverters of the present day, labor is not the sole source of wealth. The means of keeping labor in good condition and fit for work—in other words, an adequate stock of food—is as much wealth as labor itself." Statements so ill-considered as this are calculated to weaken his influence when he talks on subjects with which he is more conversant than

he is with economics. His comparisons of the financial strength of the chief Powers are a more respectable accomplishment in this particular domain, yet they fall very far short of being satisfactory. They strike one as being about of a piece with most of the statistical compilations got together in Great Britain in times of political agitation.

Mr. Lawson is over-fond of rhetoric. "There are," he says, "two classes of statesmen in England, as in most other countries. One can see very clearly things under his nose, and form very sensible but superficial opinions about them. He will not, however, look half an inch beyond his nose, either right or left, before or behind. This was Mr. Cobden's favorite method of argument." Here we have Mr. Lawson at his mildest. He is a bit more vigorous when he exclaims, "When there was no Chatham or Pitt or Canning or Palmerston or Beaconsfield available, we have had to get on as best we could with Foreign Ministers who were more familiar with catch-words than with concordats or protocols, and more at home with parliamentary platitudes than with diplomatic precedents. On the whole, they have been wonderfully lucky in keeping out of serious scrapes." He is perhaps most picturesque when he declares that "everybody [the Ministry and Parliament] concerned in burking the report of the Royal Commission of 1903 on Food and Raw Material Supply in War runs a risk of summary hanging, should the British navy ever lose command of the sea"; or in his reference to "the craven and corrupt administration of Sir Robert Walpole."

Interspersed, however, with much that will make economists stare and philosophers rub their eyes, there is a great amount of shrewd and pithy comment on the course of nations, particularly the British nation—enough, in fact, to give Mr. Lawson's latest publication a solid *raison d'être*. With all its shortcomings, the book has the great merit of presenting one of the most momentous problems of this or of any age in a manner to excite the thought of both large and small minds.

Japan of the Japanese. By Joseph H. Longford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

This is a contribution to the Countries and Peoples series by the professor of Japanese at King's College, London. His long residence in the Island Empire and admirable training in the British consular service have prepared him to give the publica thoroughly trustworthy book; and in all essential qualities this compendium is to be highly recommended. The historical chapters dealing with the growth of feudalism and the *samurai* class are especially valuable. For the ethnology, a subject still in the realm of

hypothesis, it is doubtful whether the writer is justified in ignoring the supposition put forward in Murdoch's recent "History of Japan," that the ruling element, represented by the Imperial family and the Fujiwaras, ought to be referred to a source other than the continent of Asia, probably to the South Seas, via Kyushu. This origin might explain the fondness of the Satsuma youth for the sea, for "it was at one time said that the navy was the exclusive preserve of the representatives of the Satsuma clan" (p. 234). Particularly interesting is the account of the development of the spy system in the nation, so that to-day "what may be euphemistically termed the secret service of Japan is by a long way the most highly organized in the world. No instrument is too humble for it" (p. 74). The story of the plucky flights of the embryo navy of Japan at Miako and Hakodate, when Admiral Enomoto so distinguished himself, is excellent reading, although the map ought to have shown Miako harbor. The chapters on the Press and Criminal and Civil Law are also valuable. The writer does even justice to the national characteristics. While he allows that merchants find much to complain of in the commercial habits of the Japanese trader, not being himself a merchant, he "learned in Japan to trust all with whom he had business dealings, both Japanese and Europeans, and on his final return to England, he regulated his life on the same principle, with the result that he found more occasion to regret it in ten years' life in England than he did in thirty years in Japan."

There are, however, grave omissions in the book. No light whatever is thrown on the subject of missions, Catholic or Protestant, nor the contributions made by Christianity to education. In fact, the whole subject of education is equally neglected. Not one of the topics, Education, Schools, Universities, appears in the Index. This defect ought surely to be remedied at once, seeing that the writer is now professor in a university. An odd effect is produced upon an American in reading page 150, where the subject is the rapid spread of the English language in Japan. All the credit for the popularity of English is attributed to the influence of Great Britain, "which held, in the thoughts of all Japanese, a position which was immeasurably above that of all other nations of the West." This palpable unfairness crops up again in the account given of early railway construction, at pages 252-3. While the first two railways were built by English engineers, the third was not the Kloto-Otsu extension of the Kobe-Osaka line, but a railway built up in Hokkaido by Gen. U. S. Crawford between Otaru and Sapporo, after the American fashion; this the writer fails to mention.

The author wields a somewhat clumsy style, revealed early in the Preface, which contains several long and inept sentences. At page 25 is a good Irish "bull," when the "prototype of the (Japanese) coolie" is found "in the Irish jarray." On page 149 occurs the misstatement that the word "Hanashi" is converted for euphony into Banashi when yoked with another word"; he means that where a word like *hanashi* follows another word, so as to bring h between two vowels, the h is changed into b. There is no change, for instance, in such a compound as Hanashi-yama. There are but few typal errors, although "Iyemitsu" appears twice on one page (221) as "Iyemitou." On the same page a chapter on the Mercantile Marine is referred to, and there is no such chapter; evidently the chapter (xiv) on Communications is meant.

Except for these minor defects, the book is one of singular merit. Handy in form, sound in its information, kindly and judicial in its attitude to the Japanese, and full of many vivifying sidelights on the people and their administration, it deserves a hearty welcome.

Reform of Legal Procedure. By Moorfield Storey. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.35 net.

There is virtual unanimity among those who are most familiar with the subject, that in the administration of the law America lags behind the rest of the civilized world, and that our procedure, both in civil and criminal cases, is inefficient and a reproach to the nation. There is also substantial agreement as to what reforms are necessary to put an end to a state of affairs which, as was said by Professor Vance, the Dean of George Washington University, is "a stench in the nostrils of the nations." It could hardly be expected, therefore, that Mr. Storey, in the series of lectures delivered by him before the Law School of Yale University in 1911, and now published, would throw entirely new light on the subject. His lectures are valuable, however, because they are temperate in tone, free from sensational accusations, and are the work of a man who speaks with authority, owing to his high standing at the bar and his practical experience.

The first remedy he proposes is the reduction of litigation by legislation, especially in regard to tort claims, which now encumber the dockets of our courts. He is in favor of substituting for the present system the payment of a fixed sum in case of injury suffered in the course of the servant's employment, whether caused by negligence or not, and of extending this rule, not only to industrial accidents, but also to injuries suffered by passengers on railways and other public conveyances.

While he believes that the greater

part of the expense should be paid by the employers or by mutual insurance companies to be formed by them, he holds that there is no reason why the State should not contribute, if necessary, and also why it should not, by virtue of its police power, stop the business of an employer until he complies with the precautions which the mutual insurance companies may require. If any provision of our Constitution stands in the way, the difficulty must be removed by amendment.

Where the author advocates that cases should be tried on their merits, without regard to technicalities or the restriction of the referee system to its narrowest limits, few will disagree with him, but some of the reforms he proposes in procedure in civil cases would seem not to go to the root of the matter. He recommends giving greater power to the judge in jury cases, allowing him not only to comment on the evidence, but to state his opinion on the merits of the case to the jury; and instead of having the jury give general verdicts, he would let them answer in all cases specific questions of fact. It is doubtful whether the latter practice would not lead to disagreement in cases in which under the present system a verdict is arrived at. In an accident case, for instance, a unanimous verdict for the defendant may be given, although some of the jurors are of the opinion that the defendant was negligent, while at the same time believing, perhaps contrary to the opinion of the majority, that the plaintiff was guilty of contributory negligence. Under the system advocated by the author a disagreement would be the result.

As to his suggestion that the presiding judge should receive greater power, doubtless the absurd restrictions of the power of the judge adopted by various States make a trial by jury a farce. But, on the other hand, in view of the fact that the jury know that the court has the power to set aside a verdict, if it deems it improper, a strong expression of opinion by the judge, not only on a particular piece of evidence or on the credibility of the witness, but on the merits of the case as a whole, might virtually amount to a coercion of the jury.

If the low opinion which the author expresses as to the calibre and intellect of our juries is well founded; if it is true that "what we do in practice, where we let a jury decide without the help of the judge," is to take "twelve men at random from a crowd" who are "entirely without experience in the work which they are asked to do," the obvious remedy is to abolish trial by jury, at least in civil cases, and let the judge decide the facts as is done in admiralty and equity cases. Here the author lacks the courage of his convictions. He is more radical in his proposed reform of criminal procedure, for

he advocates the abolition of the time-honored rule that no one is bound to incriminate himself, and is in favor of the adoption, with some modifications, of the continental system. His arguments in support of this proposal seem cogent and convincing.

Notes

Among the novels to be issued by Duffield & Co. this summer or in the autumn are: a translation, by Miss Francis Douglas, of Blasco Ibanez's "Sónica"; "The Gate of Horn," by Beulah Marie Dix, and "Marriage," by H. G. Wells.

Little, Brown & Co. have in press: "The Court of St. Simon," a novel by Anthony Partridge; "The Gift of Abou Hassan," by Francis Perry Elliott, and "Buddie at Gray Buttes," by Anna Chapin Ray.

"The Wind Before the Dawn," by Dell H. Munger, which Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out next month, deals with the economic relation of husband and wife in Kansas.

Lemcke & Buechner announce a Teubner text—"Epitome Thesavri Latini adornavit et auxiliantibus compvribvs edidit Fr. Vollmer." The work, which will be issued in four handy volumes, is planned for the use of those students to whom the twelve volumes of the "Thesavrs Lingue Latinae" are not readily accessible. This latter work is, of course, the basis of the one shortly to appear.

The Methodist Book Concern of Cincinnati promises for next month: "Egypt to Canaan, or Lectures on the Spiritual Meanings of Exodus," by A. H. Tuttle; "The Preacher and the Modern Mind," by George Jackson; "Crises in the Early Church," by John Alfred Faulkner; "The Apostles Creed; An Examination of its History, and an Exposition of its Contents," by Henry Wheeler; "The Christian View of the Old Testament," by Frederick Carl Eiselen, and "Historical Setting of the Early Gospel," by Thomas C. Hall.

The Florence Summer University has issued its programme for the season of 1912, which begins on August 1 and closes September 15. Lectures will be given in the mornings, while the afternoons will usually be given over to visiting the galleries, museums, churches, etc. On Saturdays personally conducted excursions, some of them lasting two days, will be made to the regions outside the city. The lectures will be delivered in Italian in the large hall of the "Circolo filologico," 4, Via Tornabuoni. There will be courses in Italian literature, Florentine history, and Italian art.

"Neighbourhood" (Dutton), by Ticknor Edwardes, is a chronicle of village life in the English Midlands. The sentimental reminiscences of the elders, the enumeration of the birds, the making of dew ponds—such are some of the features. A personal humor and pathos equally restrained give a sort of quality to a book of very familiar type, and excellent of its kind.

There is much of Old World romance in the plain tale of Philipse Manor Hall at

Yonkers, N. Y., as told by Edward Hagan-Hall in a small volume published by the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society of New York, which is now the legal custodian of the place. On June 12, 1693, a royal charter was granted in the name of William and Mary, erecting the possessions of Frederick Philipse (the surname may be spelled almost as one chooses), "into a Lordship or Manor of Philippsborough." This act gave the owner and his new wife the titles of Lord and Lady, respectively, and conferred upon the family residence the designation of the Manor House. At this time his lands reached from the Croton River to lower Yonkers, and in about six months were extended by the purchase of what is now Van Cortlandt Park to Spuyten Duyvil Creek, a total distance of twenty-two miles. Life went smoothly, and even gayly, for the first and second Lords of Philipse Manor, and for more than twenty years for the third. No less a personage than Col. George Washington bore testimony to the charm of Mary Philipse, sister of the last-named Lord, although the depth of his attachment to her is uncertain. But evil days came at last, for the third Lord of the Manor threw in his lot with his King, and attainder and confiscation followed. After being the prey of both forces because of its situation in the neutral ground, the vast estate was broken up, and the Manor House was turned into a city hall, from which service it has been rescued to occupy an honored position as one of our historic monuments. Dr. Hall is a cautious, but by no means dull, chronicler of the Manor's interesting past. The value of his book is enhanced by a dozen half-tones, the first being a reproduction of "A View of Phillip's Manor" in 1784.

If the present Speaker of the House of Representatives and late candidate for the nomination of his party for the Presidency has ever made a mistake, it is not recorded in the pages of W. L. Webb's "Champ Clark" (Neale). There this "really great orator," whom no one can hear without being "entertained and sometimes instructed," marches from glory to glory. He has not only read the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and Washington's Farewell Address, but he has also assimilated them. Once he even committed them to memory. "Now he no longer recalls their phraseology, because he has made it his own, and thinks and speaks it. Occasionally, just by way of variety, he speaks the language of Patrick Henry, but even that he does unconsciously." It is decidedly agreeable to learn that theoretically "our Congress is composed of the ablest men in the nation, and practically the House is not far below the theoretical standard," although this leaves one in painful doubt over the Senate. The book is apparently a serious one, but it would be unkind to treat it so.

The Class of 1907 of Bryn Mawr has put into a small volume the addresses delivered at the meeting at Greenwich House, October 30, 1911, in memory of Carola Woerishoffer, together with resolutions of various bodies and newspaper editorials. Ida M. Tarbell contributes an introduction which is really a sketch of Miss Woerishoffer's life. The charm and value of the book is its concreteness. In its pages one

becomes acquainted with the personality and achievement of a very unusual spirit. It is frankly panegyric, but every word of it was deserved. One can hardly grow tired of reading, for instance, how this youthful philanthropist, appearing in court to give bail for arrested shirtwaist strikers, for thirteen weeks kept the attention of the reporters turned from herself to the strike, by giving them a stream of "stories" about it, which she threatened to stop if they printed her name.

In tone, Warrington Dawson's "Le Nègre aux Etats-Unis" (Paris: Librairie Oriental & Américaine) is strongly Southern, which is not surprising from a native of Charleston, S. C. Sometimes his partisanship leads him into absurdities, as when he explains that the Southern States were called slave States "through hatred and scorn." Especially interesting are two chapters on the increasing gravity of the crimes committed by the negro as he detaches himself more and more from the whites. Mr. Dawson distinguishes between theft and the petty "taking" of food, which is a direct legacy from the day when the negro looked to "Massa" for everything. The more serious crimes, particularly those which provoke lynching, the author attributes in large part to the growing use of alcohol and drugs. The cure for mob law he finds in the strengthening and rigorous enforcement of laws concerning those who practice it, and their victims as well. He sees no "solution" of the general problem beyond a maintenance of the status quo, in which the two races remain neighbors and yet strangers, and he puts the responsibility for such maintenance upon the negroes. The preface is by Paul Adam.

J. Howard B. Masterman's "History of the British Constitution" (Macmillan), a brief sketch for readers who already know something of English history, has been prepared, apparently, with special reference to the needs of the tutorial classes of the Workers' Educational League. Unlike most handbooks of this sort, the narrative has been carefully brought down to date.

Truman O. Douglass's "Pilgrims of Iowa" (Pilgrim Press) is a history of Congregationalism in a Western State. Mr. Douglass himself is in a position to know the subject, for he began his own ministry in 1868, only thirty years after the earliest Congregational missionary work in the State of Iowa; and he met personally most of the "patriarchs," as he calls them. Since that date he has been closely connected with the interests of Congregationalism and has long been secretary of the Local Home Missionary Society. The book itself, which is a glorification of the work of the church, is lacking in scientific spirit. The sources of information are, besides the author's memory, a few well-known books and the files of the *Home Missionary*. The story is told in a rather interesting fashion, and the first part, particularly, contains an excellent picture of the hardships of the frontier preachers. The author states that he has written with the "accuracy of a historian," but has "avoided scholastic forms and methods," which is another way of saying that he is not a trained historian.

"The Record of a City" (Macmillan), by George F. Kenngott, is an account of present social and industrial conditions in

Lowell, Mass., and of the manner in which they have grown out of the simpler mill-town ways of three generations ago. Its maps and photographs and its straightforward recital of facts indicate the physical aspect of the city, and in particular reveal with no little vividness the sorts of habitation in which the operatives are housed. Nearly three hundred family budgets, in interesting detail, furnish evidence of the wage-earner's standard of living. A chapter on Health suffers from inexpert handling of statistical material; a chapter on Industrial Conditions, though not uninforming, fails to illuminate the study as it might have done had more attention been given to the manufacturers' problems and point of view. Social institutions, such as churches, clubs, and philanthropic organizations, and the prevailing recreations of the populace are inventoried in an attempt to give the book the comprehensive character of a "social survey." In so large an undertaking Dr. Kenngott's painstaking zeal achieves but uneven success. Yet he leaves with his reader a telling picture of the way in which economic pressure and the incoming of alien workers have changed the New England community life of the old Lowell. At first the manufacturing companies made paternal provisions for lodging their operatives decently, even primly, in corporation boarding houses. But gradually the ownership of the mills passed into the hands of absentees; the employees' natural desire for independence was sharpened by race-antipathies which more and more disturbed the congeniality of the former way of living; the boarding-houses were converted into tenements, owned by aggressive private landlords. Shifting for themselves, and under necessity of paying competitive rents, the New England workers yielded to the Irish, with their less exacting economic standards; the Irish gave way to the French Canadians; the French Canadians are losing ground to the Greeks. For relief from its present-day problems of crowding and poverty the city looks to the awakening of a new community spirit fitted to the needs of a changed industrial situation.

In two beautifully printed volumes "Concerning the Genesis of the Versions of the New Testament" (Quaritch), H. C. Hoskier supplements his edition of the purple and gold codex in Mr. Morgan's library by remarks suggested by the study of that gospel codex and of the allied questions. Of the remarks in Volume I the most striking are (1) that *r²* (Codex Usserianus II) is equivalent to *k* (Codex Bohiensis); and (2) that before the time of Tatian's Diatessaron there was in existence a trilingual Graeco-Syriac-Latin text of the Gospels. Volume II is devoted to collations of *h*, the Book of Dimma, and the Book of Moling. The volumes are intended for experts in the textual criticism of the New Testament, but the lay reader may enjoy the racy style, and if he is sound in the faith, the sermonic tone of some of the criticisms.

In his "Social Evolution and Political Theory" (Columbia University Press; Lemcke & Buechner), containing the substance of eight lectures given on the Beer Foundation in Columbia University during April, 1911, Prof. Leonard T. Hobhouse addresses himself principally to the question, "What is progress?" His

answer is interesting, since it gives a clearer exposition than can perhaps be found elsewhere of what may be termed a social theory of progress. According to Professor Hobsbawm's view, progress does not consist essentially or even chiefly in the improvement of the racial stock, but in procuring harmony in the manifold developments of life. This harmony is chiefly the reflection of the growth of the social mind. The concluding chapters apply this conception of progress to the development of the state. Even the reader who is not interested in the philosophic question as to the nature of progress will find the book interesting. The chapter on The Value and Limitations of Eugenics is an acute and well-informed criticism of a programme which is ordinarily too vaguely conceived, and the chapter on Social Philosophy and Modern Problems is an exceedingly happy summary of recent English social legislation.

A comprehensive survey of England's dominions in the Caribbean is given by Algernon E. Aspinall, secretary of the West India Committee, in "The British West Indies" (Little, Brown). Mr. Aspinall touches on the historical side and discusses government administration, labor, tariffs, laws, and taxation. He describes the general aspect of the islands, their flora, fauna, and natural characteristics, but his chief interest lies in the industrial conditions and the efforts now being made to develop the remarkable and varied agricultural resources. It is obvious from his account that the islands are no longer in distress; in fact, are in process of regeneration. Mr. Aspinall writes hopefully about their future, believing that the opening of the Panama Canal will add materially to their wealth and importance. In discussing the possibility of federation of the West Indies, he says:

There is no blinking at the fact that there are still many insular prejudices and petty jealousies to be overcome before the federation of the West Indies can be brought about, even if it be practicable. There must be, to begin with, a far better understanding among the residents in the various colonies. . . . Greater uniformity would add to the strength, prosperity, and influence of the West Indies. There is at present a lamentable lack of it. . . . and this could be righted gradually without any political upheaval, and the meeting of an intercolonial conference at Barbadoes periodically, to consider how uniformity could be brought about in various directions, would prove of immense value.

The book is illustrated, and has a map.

One of the earliest socialistic attempts to realize communistic ideals by revolution was made by "Gracchus" Babeuf in Paris in the spring of 1796. The story of Babeuf's early privations, arrests, and imprisonments, of his deep-laid plot to overthrow the undemocratic plutocracy of the Directory, and of his tragic trial and death is now interestingly told in English by E. Belfort Bax ("The Last Episode of the French Revolution"; Small, Maynard & Co.). As in his volumes on the Peasant Revolt in Germany at the time of Luther, Mr. Bax writes rather as an interpreter for English readers of facts already well established than as a scholar throwing new light by original researches of his own. Here he relies mainly on the works of Advielle, Duonarroti, and Fleury, and on some of the newspapers of the period; the eleven volumes of pamphlets and papers in the

British Museum relating to the Babeuf conspiracy, which might have afforded him, an Englishman, an excellent opportunity to add something really original to the history of this attempt at a socialistic revolution, he wholly ignores or neglects. Students of Socialism and the French Revolution will welcome, however, his translation of full extracts from Babeuf's programmes of reform, and from his correspondence with his friends. Mr. Bax's sympathy, of course, is strongly on the side of this martyr of communism, but his concluding judgment we think just: "Of the absolute sincerity, earnestness, and courage of the protagonist of the Equals there can be no sort of doubt. Of his grasp of the situation and of his intellectual capacity as the leader of a party of wide-reaching revolutionary aims; as much cannot be said."

At the instance of friends, Mrs. Russell Barrington has published her diaries and sketches of a flying trip "Through Greece and Dalmatia" (Macmillan). On the whole, one must regret her compliance. Her party did Greece and Dalmatia in a lunar month. Under these conditions, only genius could have anything worth saying. And, indeed, if the liberal excerpts from Symonds and T. G. Jackson were eliminated, most value would disappear from the present work. The author's foible is that once ridiculed by Ruskin of illustrating a major impression by a minor analogy. The Parthenon, for example, reminds her, or she reminds it—the case is not quite clear—that she was the friend of Watts and Leighton. In short, a background of the best British society ever insists on advancing to the picture plane. It is hardly surprising that this background fails to tone with a foreground that is by turns Greek and mediæval.

There is no English Baedeker on the Russian Empire. Ruth Kedzie Wood has attempted to supply the want in "The Tourist's Russia" (Dodd, Mead). If the reader will consent to overlook an occasional rhapsody on Nature and her works, as well as certain other naive generalizations regarding Russian character and social habits, he will find this a useful little manual. St. Petersburg is treated scantily, but Moscow and the Volga are very satisfactorily done.

"A Resident's Wife in Nigeria" (Dutton), by Constance Larymore, has attained, as it amply deserved, a second edition. It is a model of good taste, good temper, and sound sense. Mrs. Larymore spent four years in India, and did some camping in Kashmir before going to Nigeria, and she is thus equipped, as few travellers are, to give practical advice to those about to set out for distant lands. Nowhere else can be found more valuable hints for the comfort of man and beast in the tropics.

"The Story of Korea" (Scribner), by Joseph H. Longford, formerly a British Consul at Nagasaki, presents the main incidents in the history of that distracted country in a readable form that will commend the volume as a desirable addition to the reference shelf of every public library. Professor Longford's knowledge of Japanese adds to the reader's confidence in his understanding of the subject and use of materials, though it does not appear from the bibliography of works consulted that he has

employed Japanese sources for anything but recent governmental acts. The chief authorities for his outline of Korean history are the well-known works of Dallet, Courant, Ross, and Hubert, which he has condensed into a fairly clear narrative without imposing too many uncouth names upon the Western reader. He is severe upon the American naval expedition which tried in 1871 to terminate the Korean policy of isolation by forcing its purblind court to answer for the destruction of an American ship and the murder of all her crew. The attempt should have been made, if at all, in cooperation with other Western Powers, and some convenient harbor occupied until the Koreans understood the meaning of their demands; but such concerted action was impossible in the year of the Paris Commune and the Alabama Claims Commission. In the difficult matter of Japan's rôle in Korea and the resulting annexation the author maintains an attitude of entire fairness. He concedes that Koreans suffered from repeated acts of spoliation by Japanese officials as well as adventurers, but as the stronger race redeemed their initial errors of a similar kind in the early military occupation of Formosa, he believes that a similar success will be achieved presently in Korea, "followed by the heart-whole conciliation of the people."

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Hume, who died at Chapel Hill, N. C., on Monday, aged seventy-six, had long been identified with Southern institutions of learning, among them Roanoke Female College and the University of North Carolina. He was also the author of several treatises on English writers.

Science

A Cyclopaedia of American Medical Biography: Comprising the Lives of Eminent Deceased Physicians and Surgeons from 1610 to 1910. By Howard A. Kelly, M.D. Illustrated with portraits. 2 vols. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. \$10 net.

Several years ago, while writing the life of a medical worthy, Dr. Kelly found himself hampered by the inadequacy of the existing books of biography of the medical men of this country. This defect he undertook to correct, and with the aid of a large body of collaborators, apparently more than two hundred in number, has measurably succeeded. The outcome fills two rather large but handsome volumes, and contains incidentally some forty portraits. The term "eminent physicians and surgeons" is taken liberally enough to open the door for Agassiz, Asa Gray, William James, and some others whose connection with medicine was not very close. There are very interesting but somewhat uneven prefatory sketches of the development of certain but by no means all medical specialties in this country.

The biographies are valuable, although sometimes unduly extended. Even a casual reader will not fail to be im-

pressed by the sturdy independence and resourcefulness of the American practitioners, particularly of those of earlier times when training in theory and practice was much less developed and general than now. There certainly were giants in those days, and a standard was set up which the present generation, with all its opportunities, will find it hard to maintain.

It is almost ungracious to speak ill of a book that brings so much welcome material, but the hope that a new edition will soon be called for leads us to make the following comments. One cannot read far without perceiving that there is much unevenness in these biographies and that the pruning knife might be used to advantage. It is, of course, most difficult to fix upon a rule which shall determine admission to a work of this kind, and if Dr. Kelly had some good standard in mind, as his preface seems to indicate, his contributors have had no clear understanding of it, either as to quantity or quality.

In the matter of omissions we have checked off the book against a short list of names gathered from the catalogues of a certain college and from some other sources that happened to be at hand. Of names at least as eminent as many of those recorded by Dr. Kelly, we failed to find: John Bacon, J. P. Bancroft, Henry J. Bigelow, Amos Blenney, H. I. Bowditch, S. E. Chaillé, Samuel Clossy, Dickson (of the Jefferson Medical College), R. M. Hodges, Charles Harrington, the younger Holyoke, J. B. S. Jackson, Edward Jarvis, J. S. Lombard, George Parkman, A. M. Shew, N. B. Shurtleff, D. H. Storer, G. G. Tarbell, Robert Thaxter, Samuel Webber, J. W. Webster, Rufus Wyman, not to mention a score of others. Some of these were very distinguished persons, and the absence of their names is remarkable, particularly because many of them are incidentally mentioned in other biographies or in the historical introduction as important in the development of medicine in the United States. Of the others it may be said that they are at least as much entitled to a record as the young man on page 101, whose sole claim on posterity seems to be that he was of much promise and died at thirty, as was the custom of his family. As to errors and misprints, it may be noted that Agassiz lectured on anatomy in Charleston (as recorded on p. 7), not Charlestown (p. xxi); that the noted teacher of the blind was Samuel G. Howe; and, finally, that O. W. Holmes was born at Cambridge (not Boston), and the name of his father was Abiel (not Abial).

Science books in the list of Longmans, Green, & Co. include: "Researchers in Color Vision, and the Trichromatic Theory," by Sir William De W. Abney; "Preventable Cancer: A Statistical Research," by Rollo Russell, and "Soil Conditions and Plant Growth," by E. J. Russell.

The account by Geo. Shiras, 3d, of his trip to Alaska last summer, mainly "to stalk, study, and photograph" the giant moose, will be a revelation to most readers of the *National Geographic Magazine* for May. Few will have realized that any part of the Arctic territory could have been so rich in big game, sheep, and birds as the Kenai Peninsula. The 59 reproductions of photographs give a vivid impression not only of the animal and bird life, but also of the beautiful scenery. The salmon, America's most valuable fish, is described, with numerous illustrations, by H. M. Smith. He dwells particularly upon the five distinct species on the Pacific Coast, directing attention to the remarkable fact that "every individual of every species dies shortly after spawning." The illustrated description of the California seed-farms by A. J. Wells will be another revelation. Not many will have known that "seed-growing has become an established branch of California horticulture . . . and seeds now go in car lots even to France and to Holland." There is a field of lettuce two miles long, and there are tracts of sweet peas from 100 to 500 acres in extent. A large picture of the Matterhorn is given as a supplement to the richly illustrated number.

Morocco and its future is the subject of an instructive article by A. G. Ogilvie in the *Geographical Journal* for June. He confidently maintains that the agricultural possibilities of the country are very great and that "the forests offer immense possibilities of development. . . . Further, nearly all parts of Morocco which are unsuited for agriculture or forestry can be utilized for stock rearing; fisheries, too, will afford a good return for well-directed encouragement, and there is the possibility of the existence of mineral wealth." Among the greatest needs of the place are peaceful and sure government and efficient communications by roads and strategic railways. D. Carruthers gives an account of explorations in northwestern Mongolia; Sir C. R. Markham reviews the results of Antarctic work during the past twenty years, and R. N. Hall describes some very remarkable Bushman paintings in caves in southern Rhodesia.

Drama and Music

Forthcoming books in the list of Ginn & Co. include: "The Dramatic Method of Teaching," by Harriet Finlay-Johnson; "Quaint Old Stories to Read and Act," by Marion Florence Lansing.

George Calderon publishes a translation, with introduction and notes, of "The Seagull" and "The Cherry Orchard" (Mitchell Kennerley) as representative of the earlier and latest work of the Russian dramatist Tchekhoff, in whom he discerns great and original genius. It is possible, of course, that the original works possess literary and other merits which are but dimly reflected in the English version, but certainly in their present shape they do not suggest any great dramatic instinct or fertility of invention. Clever they undoubtedly are in various ways, especially in their distinctness of characterization, their naturalness in minor details, their frequent touches of

humor or pathos, and their effective play of satire, but they are invertebrate and episodical in form, deal with common types, and are often conventional when they are not extravagant in action. Mr. Calderon, who, with all his enthusiasm, seems to have an uneasy consciousness of the inherent weaknesses of the plays, hints that their true significance is to be sought, not so much in the fate of the puppets presented as in the effect upon them of the external conditions of life to which they are subject and before which they are helpless. They are to be regarded less as individuals than as samples of the mass. In this there is nothing new. Interrelationship of circumstance and character is the root of all drama, and all personages may be taken as symbolical of classes. The distinguishing traits of most of the characters in these two pieces are selfish individualism and reckless and pessimistic fatalism, and they are not attractive.

In the play called "The Seagull" Tchekhoff himself shows the result of external influence, although he is no mere copyist. It is a queer mixture of modern realism, symbolism, romanticism, and conventional melodrama. The unhappy, undisciplined, idealistic Treppoff is sketched with some comprehension. Trigorin, the novelist, is a capital study of the capable, methodical, adroit creator of "best sellers," with his finger ever upon the popular pulse. Arcadina is an admirably realistic embodiment of the selfishness, the shallowness, and the vanity of one type of actress. There are undeniable truth and pathos in the fate of the romantic, misguided, and ultimately half-crazed Nina. The representation of certain phases of Russian society carries a conviction of photographic verity, but the actors in it are trivial and sordid, and the dramatic and human interest rare. As for the symbolism beneath it all, it is too vague to be important. In "The Cherry Orchard" there is the same facile, and doubtless, in the main, truthful, portrayal of middle-class Russian society. The student Trophimoff, who is presumably the spokesman of Tchekhoff's own philosophy, complains that the great majority of his countrymen are "gross, stupid, and profoundly unhappy." He says that the one thing needful is work, coupled with a disposition to help the few who are seeking for the truth. The majority of the educated classes, he adds, ask for nothing and do nothing. They only talk about science and understand little or nothing about art. It is sufficient, perhaps, to say that the characters accord with the definition. In the theatre they would be neither entertaining nor profitable, even if they were wholly credible. But the old servitor, Firs, who has outlived his own generation and has nothing in common with the new, is a really striking creation. Unfortunately, one small character does not make a drama. The plays have a certain value as impressionistic Russian sketches by a native artist, but are in no sense masterpieces.

Following the example of some foreign composers—notably Italians—whom two or three, or a dozen failures do not discourage, Frederick S. Converse is said to be busy at work on another opera, the libretto of which has been provided by Percy Mac-Kaye. The tentative title is "Beauty and

the Beast;" yet it is not to be a fairy opera, but a "fantastic" opera, bringing in Sindbad the Sailor, the Forty Thieves, besides Beauty and a Stately Lady and a Peacock Lady.

Pope Pius IX was a great admirer and intimate friend of Liszt, whose visits he sometimes returned. Once he went to see him in the cloister church on the Monte Mario, which Liszt had chosen as a residence, and where he composed his sublime oratorio "Christus." On the second day of last month, a memorial tablet was placed on this church commemorating these happenings. Among those who witnessed the ceremony were representatives of the Italian Government and the city of Rome, and the Ambassador of Austria-Hungary.

Scarcely a week passes without the gaping world being informed of some new operatic project by Mascagni. The latest is that he has been commissioned by the publisher, Sonzogno, to set to music a libretto of which Cleopatra is the heroine.

Puccini, it is said, is about to visit Spain to gather local color for his next opera. Bizet managed to get it for his "Carmen" without visiting Spain. Nor did Puccini deem it necessary to visit California before composing his "Girl of the Golden West." Possibly the severity with which he was criticised for this has had something to do with his intention to go to Spain. "Anima Allegra" ("The Cheerful Soul") is given as the title of the Spanish opera; and we are informed that it is to be a comic opera, Puccini having decided to return to the lighter vein of his earlier works, notably "La Bohème."

Cosima Wagner has given up all activity in connection with the Bayreuth festival, wherefore Siegfried Wagner is the ruling spirit this summer. The rehearsals began, as always, on June 15, and will end on July 19, two days before the opening of the festival. What with these rehearsals and performances, those concerned will be in Bayreuth nearly three months. Tickets for the performances are no longer to be had; they were all sold several months ago. Dr. Muck will conduct "Farsifal" before departing for America. His engagement as permanent conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has greatly distressed the Berliners. Since Richard Strauss is very uncertain, they now have to rely mainly on Emil Paur, who, it will be remembered, used to be active in Boston, then in New York, and finally in Pittsburgh, before returning to Europe. Hans Richter will conduct the "Meistersinger" performance at Bayreuth, while the four Nibelung operas will be presided over by Balling and Siegfried Wagner.

The city of Berlin granted the local Philharmonic Orchestra an annual subscription of \$15,000 on the condition that it give, during the summer, thirty-five popular concerts for an admission price of only seven cents (thirty pfennigs). They are to take place in different parts of the city. The first was given the other evening in the large hall of a brewery, which seats 4,000. The audience, it was observed, did not differ noticeably from the assemblages which hear the regular and more expensive concerts of the Philharmonic Society. As for the players, they are better provided for than formerly. For thirteen summers in succession, they had played at a seaside

resort (Scheveningen) to make both ends meet.

The Scandinavian composer, Prof. Christian Sinding, who was much admired by Grieg and Seidl, has completed an opera with the title of "The Saved Mountain." The libretto is by Dora Dunker.

The Prussian Prince Joachim Albrecht is the composer of two orchestral works, "Raskolnikoff" and "Die Ahnengruft," which have won applause at Carlsbad.

Art

ANTHROPOMORPHIC AESTHETICS.

Beauty and Ugliness, and Other Studies in Psychological Aesthetics. By Vernon Lee and C. Anstruther-Thomson. John Lane Co. \$1.75 net.

To those who know "Vernon Lee" only as a critic at large, this highly technical volume may seem as repellent as surprising. As a matter of fact, it is often written with a crabbedness exceeding the demands of its difficult matter. It is nevertheless a valuable book, bringing to sharp focus the main issues and solutions of modern psychological aesthetics.

The book grows out of an essay, "Beauty and Ugliness," published by the authors fifteen years ago. It was the moment when psychology was over-driving all manner of motor hypotheses. The Lange-James theory had seemed to prove that what were called motor reactions or effects of the emotions were, on the contrary, causes, or, more accurately, the very substance of the emotions. Bernhard Berenson had just asserted that the chief aesthetic value of painting is that it should communicate tactile sensations. And while in his more careful passages he insisted that such tactile values are purely mental, he constantly wrote as if they were accompanied by outward motor reactions. This notion had already been carried a step further in Karl Groos's hypothesis of "inner imitation." He imagined an expressive mimicry of objects of aesthetic enjoyment, conducted chiefly by the head, eyes, and organs of respiration. Theodor Lipps, just a year before "Beauty and Ugliness" was published, had framed his now famous theory of *Einfühlung*. This means that we enjoy any object aesthetically, though projecting a part of our experience into it, enduing it with our powers, conceiving it in our own image.

The two gentlewomen who in 1897 launched their own motor hypothesis of aesthetics were thus unwittingly in excellent company. They were, however, with the exception of James's psychology, unversed in the newer literature. Their essay arose quite independently. Its real origin was the discovery of an extraordinary introspective gift in C. Anstruther-Thomson. She was able to

observe and describe whole series of slight motor accompaniments of her enjoyment of art. These, unconsciously amplifying the hint of Karl Groos, she located chiefly in the organs of vision and respiration, and interpreted as mimetic of the contemplated object. "Vernon Lee" contributed the psychological commentary to her collaborator's observations, and, as a true devotee of the Lange-James theory, regarded these motor phenomena as of the aesthetic essence. Such participation in the imagined life of an object of course ranged the authors as unconscious disciples of Lipps's anthropomorphic aesthetics. He proceeded, however, to renounce them in various articles, insisting that all motor accompaniments of an impression of beauty are either negligible or actually destructive, the aesthetic imputation of our own life to an enjoyed object being purely mental.

Through defence, interpretation, and illustration of the original essay, "Beauty and Ugliness," the present book has grown, and it betrays in occasional redundancies its episodic origins. Still, by way of excerpt and discussion it contains a very full exposition of the aesthetics of Groos and Lipps, and presents a reasonable programme for the scientific investigation of these most evasive phenomena. The initial error of identifying Anstruther-Thomson's motor type of aesthetics with that of the human race is handsomely avowed. Likewise, the infelicity of declaring that such motions when present are necessarily mimetic. Such reservations bring the authors very close to the purely mental *Einfühlung* of Lipps. And, in fact, what separates them is merely the conviction on "Vernon Lee's" part that these motor accompaniments of impressions of beauty are inherently worthy of study. Here, we feel, nobody will gainsay her. Professor Lipps's denial of all value to the outer symptoms of inner aesthetics is on the face of it highly arbitrary.

Aesthetic empathy is "Vernon Lee's" equivalent for *Einfühlung*. Both terms she clearly perceives are open to the serious objection of suggesting an actual transfer of our life to an outer object. Professor Lipps knows that such a transfer is unthinkable and purely illusory, but he constantly writes, in fairly mystical tone, as if there were a real emanation from the observer to the object. In short, any term which suggests that we think ourselves into any external thing, is objectionable. The proper statement is that we think it into ourselves, assimilate it in terms of our experience, articulate it imaginatively with appropriate memory impressions. An exact term for a process really quite simple is not easy to find, but the phrase aesthetic assimilation perhaps fairly suggests the facts, and has no misleading connotation.

This book closes with a long chapter

of what may be called field notes—"Vernon Lee's" memoranda before famous pictures and statues, chiefly at Florence. She has the habit of mentally repeating strains of music, and a considerable and rather inconclusive part of the notes is devoted to the compatibility of these musical memories with impressions of graphic and plastic art. The notes are valuable because they show the great variety and complete relativity of aesthetic experience in a highly trained person. It appears that, short of that absorption in the contemplated object which Schopenhauer regarded as the ideal, there are many grades of *aesthesia*. It does not seem hopeless to believe that an analysis of such notes, aided by carefully framed *questionnaires*, might give us a real classification of aesthetic states as more or less typical and complete. "Vernon Lee" is actively engaged along these lines. That she may carry into these severer studies the grace and lucidity of her literary criticism and dialogues is the hope of her admirers. Meanwhile, we may say that the anthropomorphic aesthetics have at least brought us down to the real problem, and probably contain, if in a manner as yet not quite clear, the truth of the matter. It is surely a gain to set aesthetics firmly in the psychologic field—to realize that beauty is not an attribute of things, but an expression of a complex individual experience concentrated upon a selective and receptive act.

That the Madonnas of the Florentine painters reflect precisely the contemporary womanhood of the city, is the central theme of M. Ferrigni's "Madonne Fiorentine" (imported by Stechert). The book is a fair example of the readiness with which modern cultivated Italians turn their hands to belle-lettristic themes. But Signor Ferrigni's plea is, at best, merely specious. Unquestionably, the correlation he asserts exists in certain artists, for instance, Fra Filippo, but in general, Florentine Madonnas are remarkable for their typical quality. There seldom is any approach to portraiture. The Divine mother is kept in an ideal realm where racial and local qualities are suspended. To us the book seems merely ingenious. It is rather handsomely made, in a small folio, with many good photographic reproductions, which are apparently its *raison d'être*.

Finance

LIQUIDATION IN THE STOCK MARKET.

The stock market was interesting last week mainly on account of the liquidation which took place. There was no sensational break in prices, and at times there were periods of real strength. But the movement as a whole was different from that of the fortnight before, because of heavy selling. This movement

was coincident with the efforts of certain banks to build up their reserve item, which owing to the continued outflow of cash could be strengthened only through a drastic curtailment of loans. In spite of the various explanations to account for the selling, it may be said that the liquidation was natural under the circumstances and could not well be avoided.

The market, however, stood the test fairly well; what is known as the technical position was unquestionably strengthened by it. Nothing occurred to make real holders of stocks sell out, and since the public was not speculating to any great extent, the losses incident to the decline of the week were borne chiefly by professional operators. But the firmness in money rates, as reflected by the higher price charged for call loans and time accommodation, showed that the inquiry was broadening and that the banks were no longer inclined to tie up large sums in term loans or in fixed forms of investment, as they did a year ago, when business was less active and merchants were borrowing meagre amounts. The situation, therefore, has changed to the extent that discounts are hardening here just as they are hardening abroad, where the markets are still fearful that the New York banks may make heavy demands upon Europe's gold supply.

The chief problem everywhere, however, is how to provide for the immense volume of new securities which must soon be marketed. Within the last few days there has been further selling of British consols at London by the banks which were forced to dispose of these securities in order to pay the installments due on the underwritings of bonds which the syndicates have not been able to sell. This problem has given serious trouble to the London banks, and it looks now as if there would be a great deal of forced liquidation before the account is adjusted and the undigested securities are lodged permanently with investors. The serious liquidation at Paris has arisen partly from the same cause. For not a few months the great French investment banks have been heavily committed to various bond operations which have not worked out satisfactorily.

Ordinarily it has been possible for these institutions to make a market for virtually any of the bonds that they cared to bring out. But conditions have changed in France, as they have in most other countries where the new security issues have been excessive. In Germany the situation has been slightly different, as the market there has had an additional upset through the abuses which have resulted from the reckless speculation of last year. This trouble became so acute as to make it necessary for the Reichsbank to adopt drastic measures. But in Germany, as in the other great

markets, are large loans which must be provided for in the near future. Under these conditions, with all the foreign markets under strain from largely the same causes, it is natural that European financiers should have shown concern over the disclosures of the poor bank return of July 6.

Europe's interest in the question has mainly to do with the possibility of our getting gold from abroad. It is recognized that with our international trade balance as favorable as it is, with Germany still heavily in our debt through temporary loans obtained in this market, and with large outstanding balances to the credit of our banks at other European centres, it would be easy for New York to attract gold from abroad, should money rates advance sharply here. It is true that no such movement is in sight, and that money market conditions here do not suggest a violent rise in rates in the near future. But London financiers have been mindful for some time of the extraordinary circumstances which govern the situation this year. It is recognized, also, on the other side, that the real test will come when the railways begin to borrow heavily and when the great mass of industrial securities appear upon the market. Then the banks will be forced to make the advances that are usually called for when great bond operations have to be financed. The fact that we are within a month of the period when the Western banks ordinarily call upon their Eastern correspondents for large shipments of harvesting money makes the problem of the money market all the more interesting. The Government crop figures of last week, while not up to expectations in some particulars, showed that the total production of all crops would probably be sufficiently in excess of last year's harvest to call for much larger shipments of crop-moving money from the Eastern reserve centres.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Addison, Julia de W. *The Spell of England*. Boston: Page & Co. \$2.50 net.
- Aynard, Joseph. *London (Les Villes d'Art célèbres)*. Paris: Librairie Renouard.
- Bacon-Foster, Mrs. Corra. *The Potomac Route to the West*. Washington: Columbia Historical Society.
- Bates, E. W. *Pageants and Pageantry*. Boston: Ginn. \$1.25.
- Bonney, T. G. *The Building of the Alps*. Scribner.
- Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1912. London: Scientific Press.
- Carpenter, Edward. *The Drama of Love and Death*. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50 net.
- Castle, W. E., and others. *Heredity and Eugenics*. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50 net.
- Child in the City, The: A Series of Papers. Chicago: Schools of Civics and Philanthropy. \$1.50 net.
- Crutchley, W. C. *My Life at Sea*. Brentano. \$2.75 net.
- Dawson, W. H. *Social Insurance in Germany, 1883-1911*. Scribner.
- Deussen, Paul. *The System of the Vedānta*. Trans. by C. Johnston. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.

Folengo, Teofilo. *Opere Italiane*, a cura di Umberto Renda. Volume secondo. Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.

Glyn, Elinor. *Halcyone*. D. Appleton. \$1.30 net.

Goetz, P. B. *The Summons of the King: A Play*. Buffalo: The McDowell Press.

Greenlaw, E. A. *A Syllabus of English Literature*. Boston: Sanborn & Co.

Hall, W. P. *British Radicalism, 1791-1797*. Longmans.

Hamel, Frank. *The Lady of Beauty*. (Agnes Sorel.) Brentano. \$3.50 net.

Hargrave, Mary. *Some German Women and Their Salons*. Brentano. \$2.75 net.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology, edited by a Committee of the Classical Instructors. Cambridge, Mass.

Haynes, G. E. *The Negro at Work in New York City*. Longmans.

Headley, F. W. *The Flight of Birds*. Scribner.

Hermann, E. A. *Histrionics in the Dramas of Franz Grillparzer*. Univ. of California Publications.

Kernahan, J. G. and C. Bedtime Stories of Make-Believe-Land. Platt & Peck. 50 cents.

Kuhn, A. K. *Comparative Study of the Law of Corporations*. Longmans.

Lipsett, E. R. *The House of a Thousand Welcomes*. Lane. \$1.30.

Lowery, Woodbury. *A Descriptive List of Maps of the Spanish Possessions in the U. S., 1502-1820*. Washington: Library of Congress.

Lyford, J. O. *History of the Town of Canterbury, New Hampshire, 1727-1912*. 2 vols. Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press.

Mackay, Helen. *The Cobweb Cloak*. Duffield. \$1.25 net.

Mathews, A. H. *Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI*. Brentano. \$4 net.

Moore, J. A. *The Sentimental Song Book*. Platt & Peck. 50 cents net.

Munro, J. I. *A Research into the Origin of the Third Personal Pronoun*. Frowde.

Nichols, E. L., and Merritt, E. *Studies in Luminescence*. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

O'Sullivan, Vincent. *The Good Girl*. Duton. \$1.25 net.

Poiti, Georges. *L'Art d'inventer les Personnages*. Paris: Figuière et Cie.

Porter, E. H. *Miss Billy's Decision*. Boston: Page & Co. \$1.25 net.

Quinlan, M. A. *Poetic Justice in the Drama*. Notre Dame, Ind.: University Press.

Raeder, A. *L'Arbitrage International Chez les Hellènes*. Tome 1, *Publications de l'Institut Nobel Norvégien*. Putnam.

Rodway, James. *Guiana: British, Dutch, and French*. Scribner.

Sargent, Walter. *Fine and Industrial Arts in Elementary Schools*. Boston: Ginn. 75 cents.

Selden, G. C. *Psychology of the Stock Market*. Ticker Pub. Co.

Shakespeare's Henry IV, Part II; Richard III (Tudor Edition). Macmillan. 35 cents net, each.

Smith, E. F., and others. *The Structure and Development of Crown Gall: A Plant Cancer*. Washington: Government Ptg. Office.

Step, Edward. *By Sea-Shore, Wood, and Moorland*. T. Whittaker.

Symons, Eryl. *The Roses of Crete*. D. Appleton. \$1.30 net.

Tilney, Robert. *My Life in the Army*. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach. \$1.

University of Pennsylvania. *Publications of the Babylonian Section*, Vol. II, No. 1. *Business Documents of Murashu Sons of Nippur*; No. 2, *Temple Archives from Nippur*. By Albert T. Clay.

Vineberg, Solomon. *Provincial and Local Taxation in Canada*. Longmans.

Watson, H. B. M. *The Tomboy and Others*. Lane. \$1 net.

Willoughby, L. A. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti and German Literature: A Lecture*. Frowde.

Yu-Yue Tsu. *The Spirit of Chinese Philanthropy*. Longmans.

READY THIS WEEK

Salisbury, Barrows, and Tower's ELEMENTS OF GEOGRAPHY

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